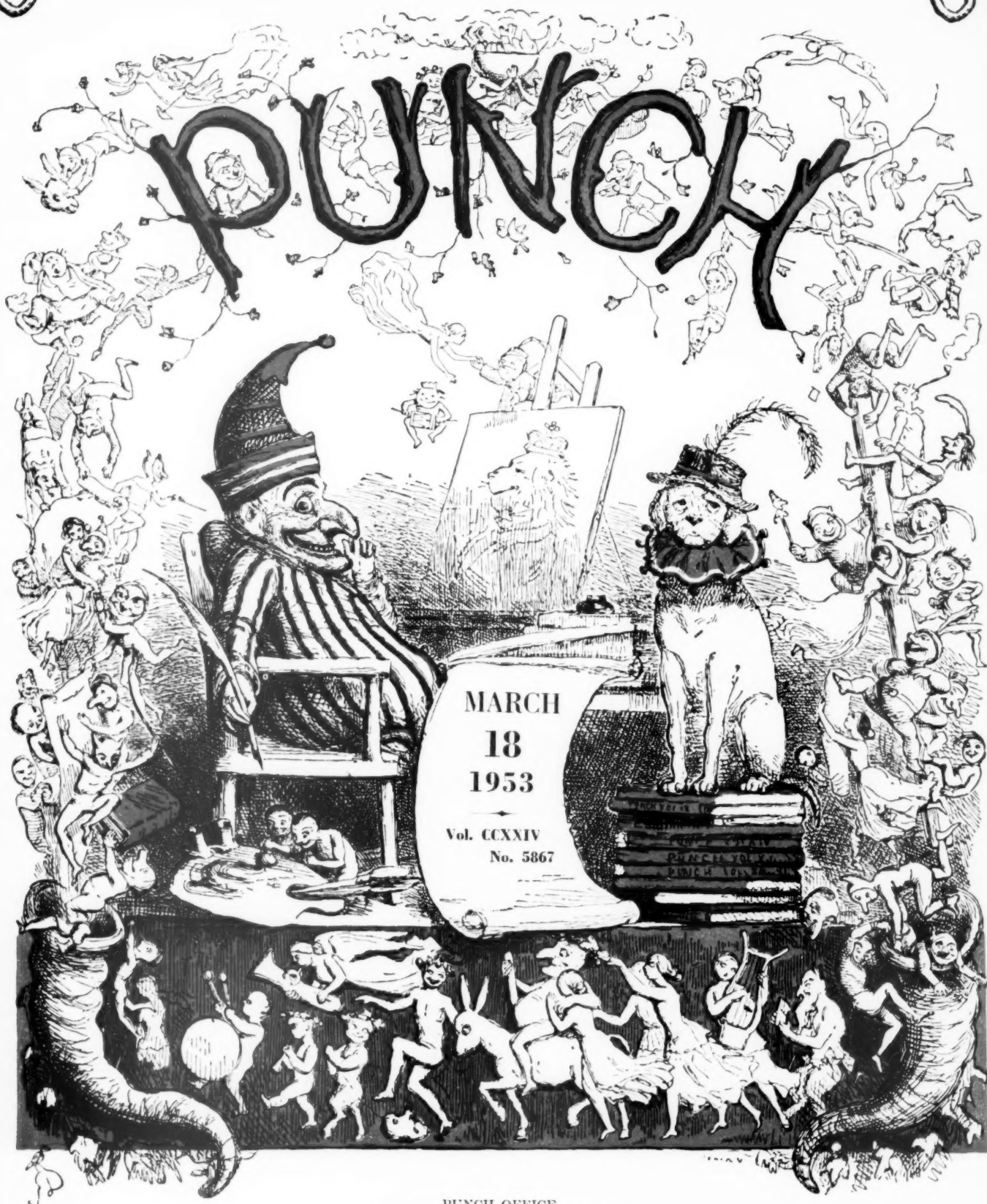


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PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18 1953

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How to become famous



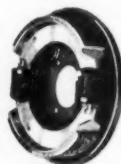
Christopher Columbus set out to find India and stumbled across the American Continent. We, on the other hand, set out to discover the safest, smoothest, surest method of stopping a car at speed and found it—in hydraulic braking! So take your choice of the way to world-wide fame.

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Jackson revolutionize Electric Cooker Design

with the New

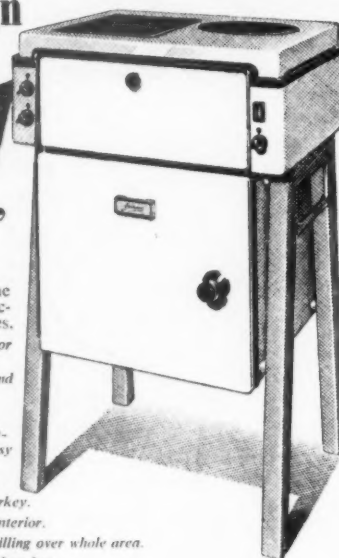
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price £22-17-6

With pride we introduce the Jackson "Two-Ninety" the electric cooker with nine new features.

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- 8 Grill Boiler gives perfect even grilling over whole area.
- 9 Built in towel rail on each side of cooker.



THESE ARE THE POINTS THAT WOMEN HAVE ASKED FOR

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I heard about it...

"My dear, you make me green with envy. We ought to have changed our cooker years ago."



I hankered after it..

"Lovely meals, lashings of hot water, open-fire comfort—and all for about 1/- a day! I'll tackle Dick about it to-night."

I hinted at it...

"You see, dear, our old cooker simply *eats* fuel. It really would pay us to have an up-to-date model. Now, I know the very one—it uses less fuel than our sitting-room fire!"



We're thrilled with it!



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Ministry of Fuel & Power

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SOLID FUEL COOKERS AND HEATERS
to solve your fuel problem

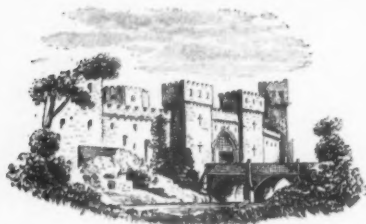
Particulars of all Radiation models and names of your nearest stockists from: Radiation Group Sales Ltd, Leeds 12. (Dept. PYL)

This is the Radiation model we chose—
the YORKSEAL

A good-looking, easy-to-manage cooker incorporating an open-and-close fire that burns economically day and night on any domestic solid fuel and provides constant hot water. Simple control switch for obedient oven heat and open-fire burning. Labour-saving LEXOS porcelain enamel finish inside and out.



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THE SALT OF HOSPITALITY
in any home



*the Soap
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CIDAL contains Hexachlorophene to purify your skin so that it is as clean as a surgeon's hands before he starts an operation. It frees the pores of bacteria, thus tackling the main cause of unpleasant body odours, and sets up an anti-bacteria barrier that preserves your personal freshness for hours on end.

You'll love the refreshing lather of Cidal with its pleasant but unobtrusive scent that gives no hint of such amazing germicidal powers. From Boots, Timothy Whites and many other good chemists.

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All your questions answered about the **SAFE, SIMPLE, ECONOMICAL** *Douglas Vespa*

Thousands of men and women
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A great number
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before.

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Pay your deposit
and ride the Vespa
away—then 18
months in which
to pay.



Here are
the questions you'll want to ask:

Is it true that a Vespa is safer
than other similar vehicles?

Yes. For one thing, the low centre
of gravity of the Vespa ensures a
machine with maximum stability on
corners and on wet, greasy surfaces.
With all its weight near the road, the
Vespa rights itself naturally. The extra
wide wind shield gives added head and
shoulder protection.

Am I too old to learn to ride
a Vespa at 45?

No. No experience is needed to
ride a Vespa. The control position is
designed for maximum safety. Gears,
clutch, throttle, brake are all situated
on the handlebars, making for extreme
simplicity in all actions. Your hands
need never leave the handlebars to
operate all controls.

Would I have to wear special
clothes?

No. The all-weather protection of
the Vespa means comfortable driving
in normal clothes. Thus free from
weather interference, your safety
margin is greatly increased. You arrive
as smart as you leave.

How much does it cost to run?

The Vespa runs on a mixture of
petrol and oil. One gallon of petrol to
a half pint of oil. The Vespa runs for
over a hundred miles on one gallon of
petrol—just over 140 miles.

Can I take a pillion passenger
on a Vespa?

Yes. The Vespa will cruise all day
with two up at 35 m.p.h. The passen-
ger will enjoy the same weather protec-
tion as the rider.

How long will it take to learn
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Although the Vespa is an amazingly
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a matter of reading the instructions—
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What is the tax on a Vespa?

The road tax on a Vespa, believe it
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Thousands of women, who have
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'Thank you,
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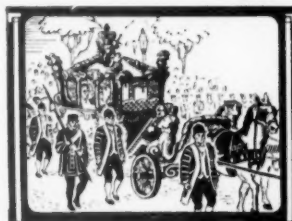


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Chair up and be comforted!

"Try how you will," said the *ERCOLion*, "to achieve discomfort in this chair—you'll fail contentedly. For though my Windsor Easy chair may take up little space yet it has room for comfort, and is, naturally, a comfort in any room. It skilfully adapts traditional design to modern tastes, and so fits agreeably into any decorative scheme. You can get it at any good furniture shop for surprisingly little, in a variety of pleasant coverings and in either dark or natural wood, wax polished. And when you've done admiring its lines and settle down on its spring-filled or foam rubber tapestry cushion, cushioned on cable springs—ah me—how easy an easy chair can be!"

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The famous actress with a Queen Anne

MISS DIANA WYNWARD, C.B.E., believes that drawing rooms should be practical as well as beautiful. "For instance," says Miss Wynyard, "table lighters are as essential as ashtrays..." Her choice for the home is the Ronson Queen Anne model, a work of outstanding contemporary craftsmen and modern designers. Once filled it lights for

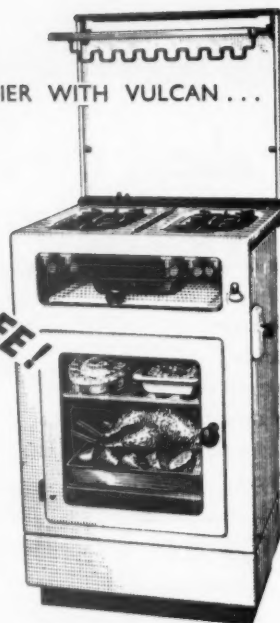
months and being a Ronson it really lights first time, every time. Have you ever thought of giving a Ronson Queen Anne table lighter—for a wedding, an anniversary, or for a very special birthday? 4 guineas.

RONSON *for the Home*
—a fine gift
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

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See a Vulcan at your local Gas Showrooms, and write for illustrated brochure.

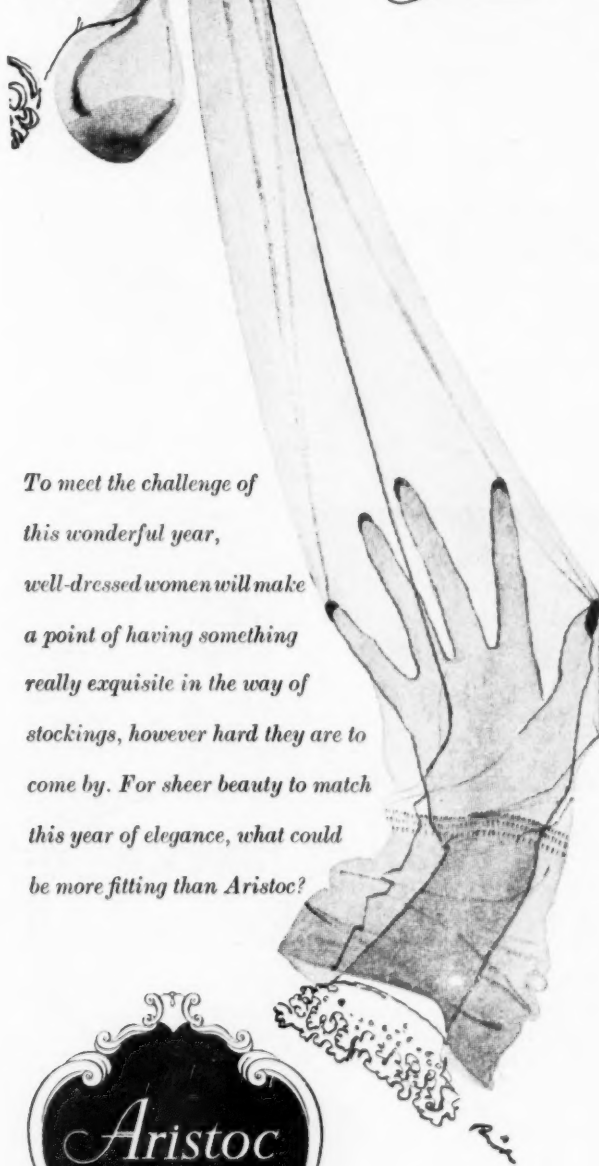
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elegance*



To meet the challenge of
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well-dressed women will make
a point of having something
really exquisite in the way of
stockings, however hard they are to
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this year of elegance, what could
be more fitting than Aristoc?



THE ARISTOCRAT OF STOCKINGS

**A jacket to top everything
this summer**



—and LUX will keep it soft as swansdown

THIS CHIC HAND-KNITTED JACKET, fluffily brushed or not, is so easy to make—why, it could be the first thing you ever knitted! And think of its non-stop fashion life this summer. But no matter how often you wear this pretty woollic, gentle Lux-care will keep it fresh and soft as new.

Lux washes things so safely. It dissolves *completely*, even in lukewarm water, and there are no harmful chemicals to scour delicate fibres. That's why Lux-washed woollics stay so soft, come sweetly and naturally *clean*. Everything you wash in Lux—from hubby's wool dressing-gown to baby's nappies and your own nylon undies—*stays* softer and smoother than when it was new! You can buy Lux in three sizes: the Magnum-size packet is an economy.

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If you long for lovely hands, then Lux will be your lifelong friend! Mild as baby soap, Lux lather pampers your hands as much as it does the finest fabrics—keeps them soft as velvet.

How to get your knitting pattern

Knit this adorable jacket and you'll score all along in sheer charm.

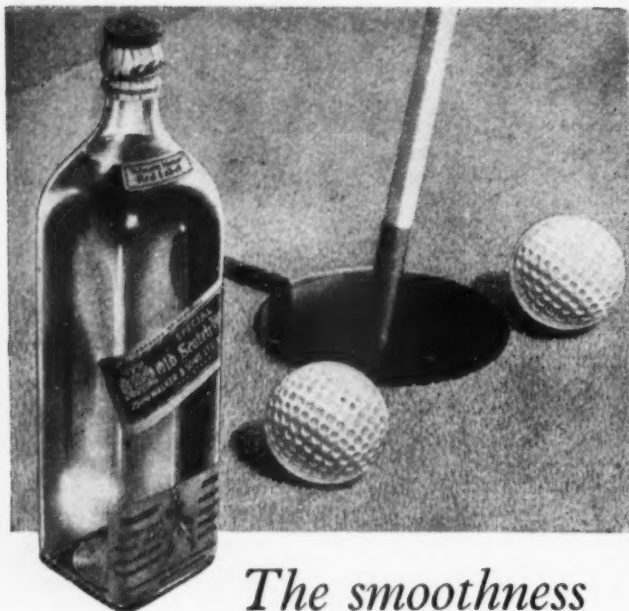
Write your name and address clearly on a piece of paper and send it with 5d. in stamps and a Lux packet top, to Lever Brothers Ltd., Dept. LX76, Port Sunlight, Cheshire.

This offer applies to residents in the United Kingdom only and expires on August 31st, 1953.



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The ROUND whisky in the SQUARE bottle



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Just as a good sward is a mixture of grasses, a good Scotch whisky is a blend of single whiskies. And like well-kept turf, your good Scotch must above all be smooth, or 'round'. The smoothness you enjoy in Johnnie Walker is due to the skill of its blenders, who merge the fine selected whiskies in perfect harmony. That is why you will find no finer Scotch whisky than Johnnie Walker.

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Yes sir, yes sir,
virgin *BOTANY*
wool-

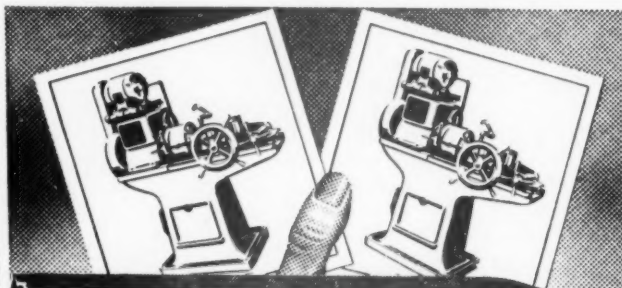
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this new Driway
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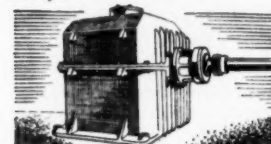
VMF 64—first over the line at the 1952 Mille Miglia—2-litre class



The Lagonda Mark II Saloon has the true thoroughbred qualities. This princely car, so well mannered at 90 m.p.h., is individually built. It combines the coachwork of master craftsmen with the most advanced engineering design. It is one of the very few cars in the world to be fitted with independent suspension on all four wheels.



Britain's first twin-operated helicopter, the Bristol Type 173 on its maiden flight. The engine mountings, cast in high tensile steel, are typical of the range of complex castings which David Brown make for many of Britain's leading military and civil aircraft.



A spiral bevel gear unit, last of three supplied by David Brown, is ready for the long journey to Lhasa in the Himalayas, 12,000 ft. above sea level. The unit is part of a water turbine generating plant which will provide the Tibetan capital with its first public supply of electricity.

The record of VMF 64

In clocking up 26,000 racing miles, this Aston Martin DB2 has taken 5 firsts and 3 places in 8 races. This is the standard of performance that gives the Aston Martin world-wide popularity. Nine out of ten of these astonishing cars go overseas! The Aston Martin—like other David Brown products—sells on its merits in the teeth of bitter foreign competition. By better engineering, by mechanical inventiveness, and by the skill of its craftsmen, the David Brown Organisation is winning new markets—in a way the world respects.

June 1950
Le Mans 24 Hours Race:
1st, 3-litre class

August 1950 1 Hour
Production Car Race Silverstone:
2nd, 3-litre class

September 1950
Ulster Tourist Trophy:
3rd, 3-litre class

April 1951 Mille Miglia:
**1st, over 2-litre
Vetture Veloci class**

June 1951
Le Mans 24 Hours Race:
1st, 3-litre class

July 1951
International Alpine Trial:
1st, 3-litre class

July 1952 Mille Miglia
**1st, over 2-litre
Grand Touring class**

July 1952
International Alpine Trial:
5th, 3-litre class

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THE HOUSEHOLD NAME
OF A SERVICE TO INDUSTRY

Brown & Polson STARCH PRODUCTS

IN DRY-CELL MANUFACTURE

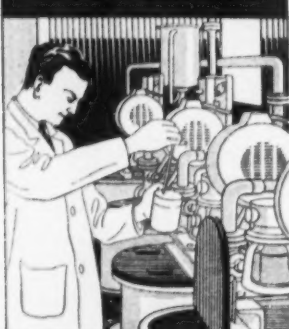


Illustration by courtesy of THE EVEREADY CO. (U.S.) LTD.

THE dry cell, now used universally as a cheap and portable source of small electric currents, generates electricity by the chemical action of ammonium chloride on metallic zinc. There is no difference in principle between the dry cell and the inconvenient wet cell that it has so largely replaced, but there are two main differences in practice: in the dry cell the zinc electrode has the form of a canister which contains the electrolyte, whereas the wet cell has a zinc rod electrode immersed in the electrolyte; and the dry cell—but not the wet cell—contains in its electrolyte a considerable quantity of starch.

Starch as a fluid retainer

The starch does not enter in any way into the electrochemical action of the cell, though it helps to inhibit corrosion of the zinc when the cell is not at work. Its purpose is simply to keep the electrolyte in its proper place, and it does so by converting the fluid ammonium chloride into a paste that is too stiff to flow. The result is a dry cell that can safely be used in any position. Starch for dry-cell manufacturers is one of the 400 different starch products that the Brown & Polson group supplies to some 80 widely different industries. Last year the total sales of these 400 products amounted to 200,000 tons.

Behind these large sales is a consultative service with a wide range of experience. Expert advice is freely available to any actual or potential user of industrial starch products. Enquiries should be addressed to:

CORN PRODUCTS COMPANY LIMITED

The Industrial Division of

Brown & Polson

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The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is entirely dependent on voluntary contributions—it urgently needs your assistance, in order to continue to bring happiness to those who want it most.



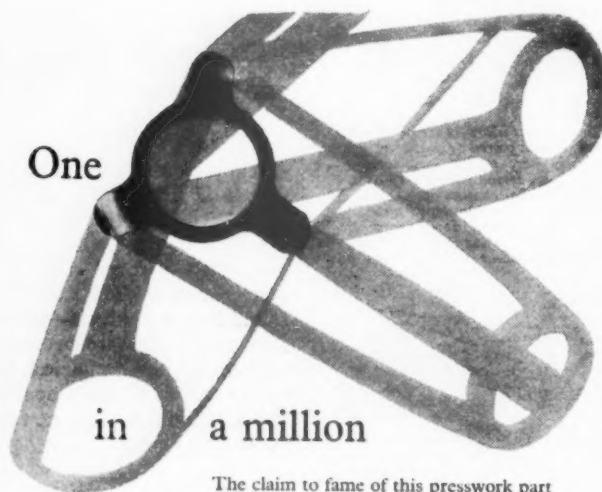
When making your will, please remember the

N . S . P . C . C

President: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET

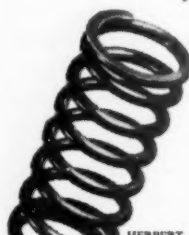
Information gladly supplied on application to THE DIRECTOR,
N.S.P.C.C. VICTORY HOUSE, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.2. Phone: Gerrard 2774

One



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Ⓟ 22



*Shooting
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so are traps and quick acting poisons for the killing of rats and mice—they arouse suspicion, the rat's strongest sense—subtlety is therefore essential.

The RATIN SERVICE provide the scientific answer. Rats and mice go on eating the baits avidly until the whole colony is wiped out.

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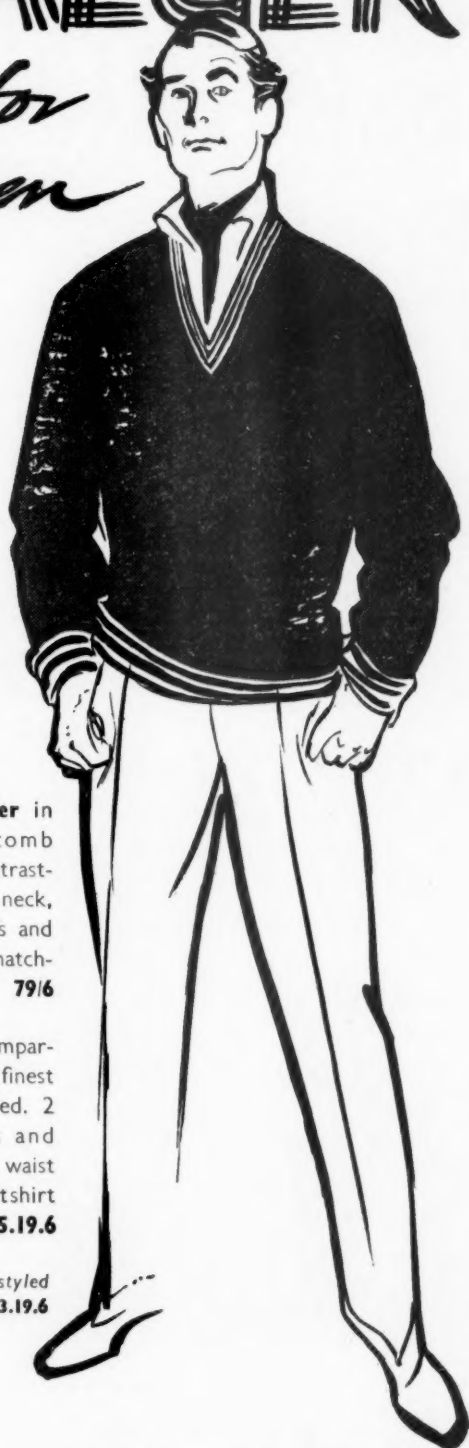


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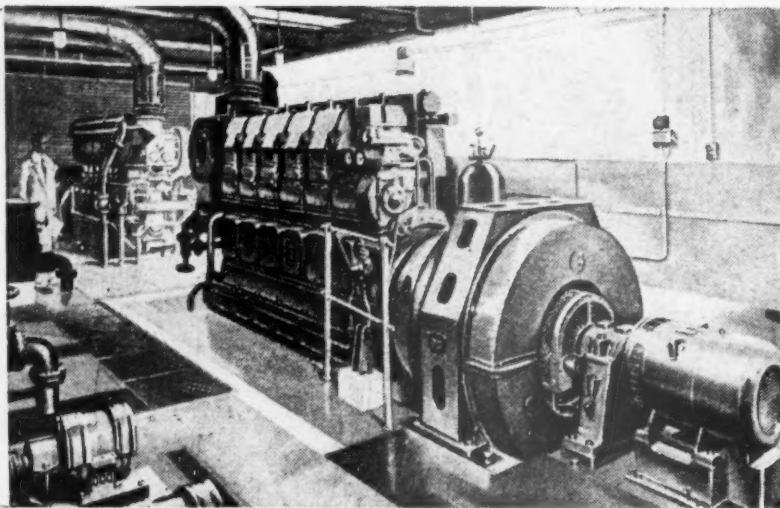
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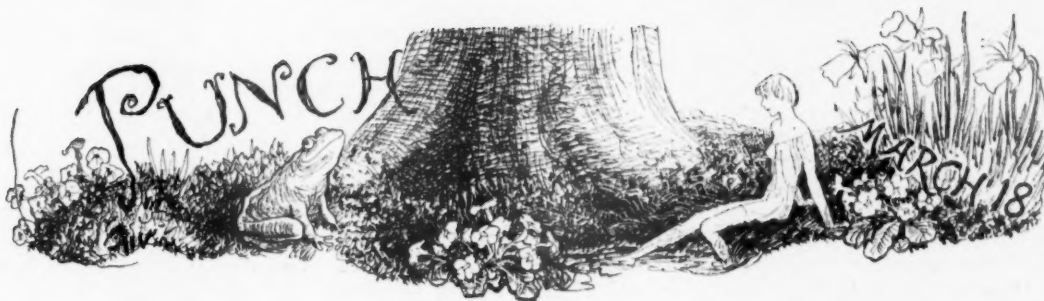


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CHARIVARIA

FULL houses at Stoke Newington's "no smoking" cinema are thought to be a result of eagerness on the part of recently-converted non-smokers to go out for their entertainment rather than stay at home with the television set and be talked into giving up something else.



Now regrouped after their triumph in the *Porgy and Bess* campaign, the forces of the Musicians' Union have launched a fresh attack: their latest communiqué reports opening skirmishes with the director of a forthcoming play who threatens to use recordings of old Egyptian instruments instead of living performances by Union members. The director has repulsed the first onslaught by claiming that the music is "not true music, just sounds"—a shrewd employment of psychological warfare which may well spike his opponents' guns. World opinion has only to accept this defence as valid, and the outlook for the executants of many modern works, whether Union members or not, will be bleak indeed.

Reports of a fine of two hundred pounds imposed on the National Coal Board for rationing irregularities have caused some resentment among taxpayers. They feel they should have been offered the option of imprisonment.

"Lightning chess, at the rate of a move very ten seconds," says the *Sunday Times*, "is winning popularity in this country: it already has its 'rapid transit'

championships in the United States, and its 'blitz' exponents on the Continent." Further east there have been some pretty rapid moves, too.

A reviewer of spring hats writes of one: "The crown looks like a collapsed saxophone covered in rose petals, above a square felt brim and rose-petal ear muffs . . . Where, I wonder, would one wear it?" On the head, it seems all too probable.

Critic Encouraged to Continue Search

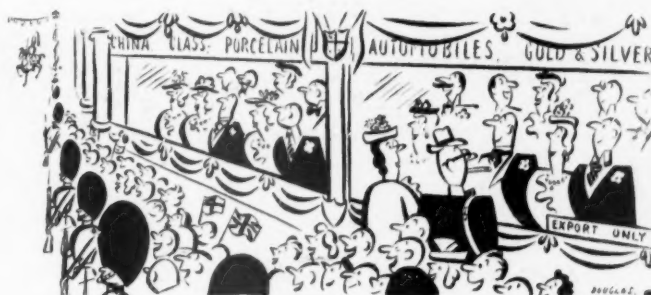
"This apparent tendency . . . to shy away from the experimental and the unusual in their reading seems to be reflected in their writing . . . I have searched, largely in vain, for young men and women whose published work is breaking new ground in style, form or subject . . ."

A literary article

"'Fifteen cadavers lay on fifteen soapstone slabs.' This is the opening sentence of Barnaby Dogbolt's most appropriately named new novel, *Grave Example*. Some of the corpses are white and others chocolate, and the negro in charge of their arrangement is determined to . . ."

A publisher's blurb

A letter to an evening paper points out that Britain's visitors this year will be watchful for evidence of her traditional superiority in craftsmanship, and particularly urges shopkeepers on the route of the Coronation procession to have nothing but the best in their windows. Even if it's only the customers.



WHO IS TITO, WHAT IS HE?

Q. Who is this man Tito?

A. His real name is Josip Broz, and he comes from Croatia. Like most of the successful dictators of the age—Lenin, Stalin and Hitler—he adopted a bisyllabic pseudonym. Poor Mussolini had those extra syllables to live down, though he did his best to provide a corrective by having himself called Duce. On this basis, incidentally, the succession of Malenkov may be considered encouraging. Three syllables in the Kremlin is good.

Q. Why is Tito coming here on an official visit?

A. Because Mr. Eden asked him over. The Foreign Secretary still believes in "personal contacts" despite the fact that from Munich to Yalta they have had only ruinous consequences. In diplomacy nowadays there is little scope for the exertion of personal charm and persuasion. Tito, we may be sure, will be with us if it is to his interest, and vice versa. As far as he is concerned, no other consideration arises, or can arise. Talleyrand himself, in such circumstances, would be inclined to give up diplomacy and take to journalism.

Q. Where is Tito going to stay?

A. It has not been announced. An odd characteristic of these demagogue-dictators who regularly poll a hundred per cent of the electorate is a decided shyness in mingling with their fellows. To an outsider it cannot but seem curious that if, as the record indicates, practically all their fellow-countrymen are their enthusiastic supporters, they should find contact with them so irksome, and drive about, as they do, with an armed escort, in closed and curtained cars. In this country there is the additional complication that numerous Yugoslav exiles living here have strong personal and public reasons for detesting Tito and his régime. He is also decidedly *persona non grata* among Cominformists who would regard his "liquidation" as both deserved and desirable. A recent review of his autobiography in the Cominform Journal suggested—forcefully, if inelegantly—that it had been written with the saliva

of a mad dog. One way and another, it would be surprising if Tito's visit were as popular in the Home Office as in the Foreign Office.

Q. All the same, Tito is on our side, isn't he?

A. In a manner of speaking, yes. When he quarrelled with Stalin he did not, as is sometimes inferred, become a convert overnight to Jeffersonian Democracy. He changed his course but not his principles, as he had several times before, and might again if it suited him. Thus, for instance, at the time of the Nazi-Soviet Pact, like every good Communist he followed the Kremlin's lead and temporarily fell in with Hitler's purposes. All the essential characteristics remain of the régime he established in Yugoslavia when he was a zealous Stalinist. It is still a Police State, anti-religious in temper, and particularly anti-Christian. In our Western sense, neither civil nor political liberties exist at all. The Press is still rigidly controlled, and adulation of Tito is still *de rigueur*. Public meetings addressed by him normally begin with everyone standing up and chanting in unison "Tito hero, Tito hero!"

Q. Isn't it true, then, that what is called "a liberalizing process" has been at work since Tito's break with the Cominform?

A. Only on the surface, and for strictly practical reasons. It is one of the most bizarre aspects of the Century of the Common Man that a moral justification must always be furnished for the pursuit of legitimate interests. The provision of arms to Tito, and the inclusion of Yugoslavia in an Eastern Mediterranean Security Pact, are entirely sensible acts of policy, which do not necessitate propagating, still less believing in, the concept of Tito as a Sir Galahad or Gladstone of our days. It is an ironical circumstance, yet true, that the extension of literacy, and the exaltation of "science," have resulted in a higher degree of public credulity than, perhaps, ever before in human history. People will believe literally anything, and have become largely incapable of applying the ordinary canons of common sense to public affairs. If, for instance, General Franco were to be invited to come to this country on an official visit there would be a terrific outcry. Yet, without any question, Franco's régime, in terms of humanity and individual freedom, compares very favourably with Tito's. Moreover, when Tito, pursuing the policy of his then leader, Stalin, was incapacitated from opposing the Nazis, Franco was withstanding Hitler's pressure to allow the *Wehrmacht* a free passage through Spain. After their conversation at Hendaye Hitler remarked that he would rather have three teeth pulled out than endure such an experience again. Considered as a resourceful guerrilla leader who had the courage and good sense to understand that, in order to survive at all, he must break with the Kremlin, Tito is a welcome visitor. Nor should it be forgotten that his subsequent polemics with his old associates have added a much needed element of comic relief to the dreariness of the Cold War. As a champion of "western values," however, he is a non-starter.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE



Hollwood

"Don't get me wrong—I've no objection to incentives provided they don't try to make us work harder."



Marriage of Convenience
I could not love thee, Dear, so much
Feared I not Russia more

The Nose is Back

THERE is so much going on in the world that the ordinary man, hard put to it to assess the comparative significance of Dr. Malan on *apartheid*, the Topham crisis, the unexpected resurgence of the Politburo and the grave warning in *The Times* against confusing the cry of an early chiffchaff with that of a late coal-tit, may be excused for overlooking an item reported in a recent *British Medical Journal*.

You have heard, very probably, of Nature's chlorophyll? It appears from this report that some men of science got "a smelly gas" and exposed it for three days to Nature's chlorophyll, and went back and sniffed, and the gas was as smelly as

ever. Interested, and possibly a little surprised, they then got various "strong-smelling solutions" and mixed them up with more chlorophyll, and left them together for some months (time being no object when science is at work), and returned to find the solutions smelling as strongly as before. Anxious to be entirely fair, they then went and got a lot of—but never mind. In the end they had proved to their complete satisfaction that Nature's chlorophyll has no deodorant properties.

None.

This startling discovery, if it is not bought up and buried a mile deep by the Noshel Pickles combine

(No socially harmful after-effects), will arouse sharply divided public feeling. I do not refer to any clear-cut rift between producers and consumers of commodities dubbed deodorized, because for many of the consumers the word of the producers, if pledged often and largely enough, will continue to carry the field against a wilderness of scientists. I am thinking of the contrasting reactions of the genteel, niminy-piminy fellow and the lusty, full man.

The first of these is undoubtedly by this time a confirmed chlorophyllophile, and when faced with the *British Medical Journal* report will simply produce the next week's issue of the same periodical, where the producers put *their* case.* He will go on believing—as he has every right—what he wants to believe, that the nose was put into the face for blowing and sneezing. Having never truly exulted in his sense of smell, and being already half-persuaded to deny it, he has leapt eagerly at the suggestion that with enough of Nature's chlorophyll about the house he can sit at ease while gas escapes, stock-pots boil over, slippers smoulder, and dry-rot takes its subtle, infragrant hold; he sees himself safe at last from the pervasive fumes of the kipper, the errant effluvium of coffee percolated to a T. He may, even as I write, be rushing from shop to shop in search of the nasally untraceable liqueur brandy, or the latest thing in chlorophyll-treated cigars, seeking to extend the orbit of his fifth and fondest freedom, the Freedom from Smell.

Well, I am a full enough man to wish him luck. And a lusty enough man to confess that, myself, I like to smell—transitively speaking. I was born with, or shortly afterwards acquired, five precious senses; and the cult behind all these new non-redolent boot polishes, odourless lubricating-oils and scent-free soups



"Oh, that—only a pot-boiler . . ."

* "Work about to be published will show beyond any doubt that in certain specific cases chemical proof is forthcoming that odorous substances can be changed into odourless compounds."

(No disagreeable bouquet) has been trying to rob me of one of them. This is not right. It is nothing less than a presumptuous meddling with Nature—especially at an additional charge of threepence or so per tube, packet or pot of practically everything. Many, I am sure, will feel with me that science has in recent years achieved nothing finer than this timely restoration of a faculty which we were in danger of losing for good.

Mind you, I am not going to pretend that I was not taken in for a time. When a powerful international publicity cartel gets going on all cylinders it takes a better man than I to resist it, and early in the chlorophyll era I was as thoroughly indoctrinated as the next man. When my tailor assured me that my new Harris tweed, being chlorophyll treated, was perfectly scentless, I believed him. We are all highly suggestible in matters of this kind. When it was announced in my home that the aroma of the morning bacon could no longer find its way under the bathroom door, I believed—for a time—that this was so. But I know now that it was simply psychology at work; that, in fact, I was never genuinely converted to the cult of noselessness. Somewhere, deep down, a sturdy spark of scepticism glowed, needing only this faint, clean draught of scientific revelation to fan it into a flame of glorious disbelief. So that when I read about it, my heart leapt. And I went and sniffed at my Harris tweed, and it smelt like heaven; I stood on the landing in my pants and sniffed the morning bacon, and it was a sonnet.

I, too, have my fifth freedom. The Freedom from Freedom from Smell. For me, at any rate, the nose is back.

J. B. BOOTHROYD

What's in a Name?

"The British Government is likely to write off part of the £27,000,000 debt Burma owes Britain and also postpone repayment of the first instalment, now due, according to Burmese Press reports to-day.

This is believed to be one result of the recent visit to Britain by the Burmese Cabinet Minister, U. Win."

Local paper

... AND HEAVEN TOO

ADVENTUROUS Male Companion for Expedition S. America. Knowledge classification tropical fish essential.—Write Box L.493, The Times, E.C.4.

GENTLEMAN desires to contact ardent churchgoer (C. of E.) who would be interested in the production of gramophone recordings of six well-loved hymns (A. and M.) by well-known cathedral choir. Sales at home and overseas assured.—Write first instance Box D.1120, The Times, E.C.4.

I HAVE always been very adventurous. I have doubled Cape Horn in a schooner.

I have stopped yaks in their tracks and tamed tigers with a look.
I have more whales to my credit than a whole-time head harpooner.
I have gone spinning for tunny in a dinghy with a mackerel hook.
I have handled hammer-head sharks with nothing by me but a hatchet.
I have paralyzed the giant polypus with a blow and put it in the bag;
But when I had to classify the catch as well as merely to catch it,
The Latin was always the snag.

I am male, too—so male that my presence throws into a fever
Everything female in sight. My movements have a massive grace.
My chest is as cosy as the chest of a curly-coated retriever.
My hands are broad and sinewy. My voice is a resonant bass.
Mothers in a flurry of fright nobble their nubile daughters,
And even police-women cower behind culverts when I come in sight:
But the genera and species of fish observed in tropical waters—
I never could get them right.

And I am companionable, tolerant, never cross or depressing.
Poets tell me their fancies like deep calling to deep.
Cabbies chaff with me. Children worry me to help them in dressing
Darling dollies, and dogs to help them in worrying sheep.
Young wives tell me their troubles without restraint or apology.
Clubmen compete for my company in a way that verges on absurd:
But when it comes to a degree in Tropical Ichthyology,
I can't do better than a Third.

I shall not sail the Amazon. The *Don* and the *Magdalen*
(If still in the service) may go there without me when they will.
I suppose some virile and jolly ichthyologist will be the gainer
(And I hope the alligators get him and the Amazons make him ill).
I shall go elsewhere for my gamble. My interests are polyhedral.
I shall stake my last red cent (ignoring obvious whims)
On the overseas sales of the choir of a quite well-known cathedral
In a half-dozen hand-picked hymns. P. M. HUBBARD



PILOT OF THE POOLS

The Legal Position

MY lords, ladies, and gentlemen, in earlier lectures you have had some instruction in the practical, the historical and the psychosociothingummylogical aspects of the Football Pools. You will now suffer a few words about the *Legal Position*.

So far, we have considered the Pools as a form of *betting*, utterly lawful so long as it is conducted on credit by persons who do not "resort" to the office of the chap who abstracts their money. Legally (according to the Royal Commission of 1932-3), "a bet" is "a promise to give money or money's worth upon the determination of an uncertain or unascertained event in a particular way, and (unlike a lottery) may include skill or judgment."

It never occurred to that Royal Commission that "football combination betting" could be anything but betting, little though they liked it. But before the Royal Commission of 1949-51 there appeared a Mr. Hubert Phillips (who is, by the way, a humorous writer of merit and runs a column in a distinguished London daily newspaper). He testified, not airily, or in parenthesis, or as a kind of joke, but solemnly, after much labour and calculation, that "the element of skill has no effect on the results of football pool competitions," which he described as being "indistinguishable from lotteries."

If he were right it would be a very serious thing for you, my lords, for us, and many others. For the penalties for unlawful lottery-work

run up to fines of £750 and imprisonment for one year. Wherever an offence is proved, the Court must order to be forfeited all money and documents that are found about: and, ten to one, my lord, if the Public Prosecutor did pounce, that would be the week when you had sent in a fat cheque and thought that you had won £75,000. So let us cautiously examine the scene.

"The Courts have held that if a scheme involves any element of *real skill*, it is not a lottery within the meaning of the Lotteries Acts. It would appear that the mere exercise of common sense or common intelligence is not regarded as skill for this purpose. *Skill involves calculations based upon some facts which would form a starting point for arriving at a correct answer...*" (Royal Commission of 1932-33.)

The last Royal Commission said: "Certain types of football pool have been held to be unlawful lotteries. For instance, in the case of *Boucher v. Rowsell*, where success depended on the number of goals scored by a combination of three teams, it was held that the competition was a lottery. In the course of his judgment, the learned judge stated:

"There is a difference between forecasting the result of a football match in the sense of prophesying who will win, or forecasting the result of a horse race, in which skill, experience and study play a considerable part, and forecasting how many goals will be scored, not by one, but by a combination of three teams, or by how many yards a horse will win a race. It seems to me that when one enters on the latter task, one gets into the realm of pure chance."

By the way, my lords, Mr. Z,



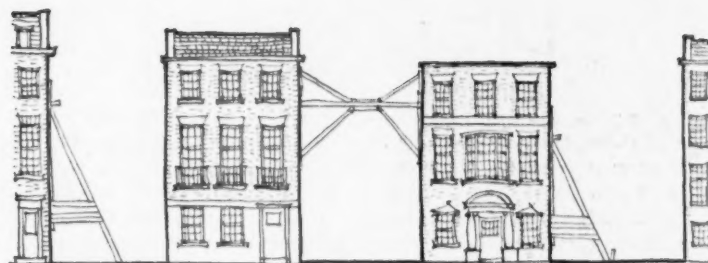
the great bookmaker, on his Fixed Odds coupon, is running now a pool headed "£75,000—Doubles—Trebles—Accumulators." Ten matches appear below, with a list of odds for various scores ranging from 8 to 1 for a draw at 1 goal all, to 66 to 1 for an away win of 4 goals to 2. All you have to do is to predict the correct scores of two or more matches (singles are not permitted) and Bob, as they say, is your uncle. A 1—1 match at odds of 8 to 1 with a 0—2 at 16 to 1, will give you 128 to 1 for the double. Better still would be three correct scores, say, 3—0, 2—3, 5—0 at odds of 16—1, 40—1, and 66—1: for that, as you will see if you multiply 16 by 40 by 66, will give you odds of 42,240 to 1 for the treble. Put £1, my lord, on three matches whose results are 2—3, 4—0, and 3—3 (each at 40—1) and you will have £64,000 to play with, free of tax.

This pool, we presume, is quite legal, in spite of the discouraging opinion we have quoted. Certainly, my lord, we do not think you will win such prizes by "random selection." Thought and judgment will be required: the recent form of the teams, their goal average for the season, the history of this particular match in recent years, the weather—all these are facts which you will take into account.

"The decision" the R.C. continued, "in any individual case must depend upon the nature of the football pool competition: but" (cheer up, my lords) "it has not been held that the ordinary type of football pool in which the competitor is invited to forecast the results of a number of football matches is a lottery."

Mr. Hubert Phillips holds that it is: and he took great pains to prove it. He devised some complex mathematical formulæ with which he endeavoured to show that the average dividend actually declared corresponded closely with the average dividend which would be declared if all the forecasts were made at random. He added, a trifle woundingly, that "the forecasts of results made by newspaper correspondents were no more correct than forecasts made at random."

In the next lecture we shall consider the R.C.'s conclusions. But here is a rather jolly "interim



Now the development charge has been abolished—



—let us hope some of our streets will lose that dreadful gap-toothed appearance.

point," concerning the Treble Chance Pool. We told you, earlier, that according to Mr. Phillips (and, believe us, he is right) there are 752,538,150 possible different ways of selecting 8 matches from 52. "That may be," said the Royal Commission, testily; "but Mr. P. assumed that the number of matches in the list was invariably 52. In fact, the number varies between 30 and 54 . . . The omission of this factor from Mr. P.'s calculations has an important effect on their validity."

Well, my lords, the number of matches, in Messrs. X's list, is generally 54, not 52; and we wondered curiously what difference

would be made by those two matches. The answer, a mathematical expert tells us, is this:

Number of possible ways of selecting 8 matches from:

52	752,538,150
54	1,040,465,790

With that solemn thought, my lords, we dismiss you for the day.

A. P. H.

"The great bulk of them, wage-earners, will be going home from office, mine, factory and workshop with £15,000,000 extra in their pay packets."

Newcastle Journal

Now are they satisfied?

Uncle Georgi

IF there can be any brightness on the horizon of the Russian masses mourning the loss of their Little Father, the bravest, kindest and wisest leader in the world's history, author of every benefit enjoyed to-day by citizens of the Soviet paradise, inventor of the steam-engine, etc., it must lie in the fact that they have already acquired a new Little Father, the bravest, kindest and wisest leader in the world's history, author of every benefit enjoyed to-day by citizens of the Soviet paradise, and inventor of the circular saw. It is, in fact, a wise comrade that knows his own Little Father.

The new Little Father will not presumably jump into his tiny parenthood straight away. These things take time. There are a stream of amendments to be issued for the official literature, for instance. To take a random example, it says in the *Soviet History of the Communist Party*, published in 1938: "Studies of the history of the Party strengthen

the belief in the ultimate victory of the great task of Lenin and Stalin." It is now quite clear that this passage should read "of the great task of Lenin and Stalin and Malenkov." No doubt the directors of the Marx-Engels-Lenin Institute in Moscow already have this work in hand. They will be encouraged by the recollection that when the 1938 history was published, superseding the politically unsound histories which ascribed a part in the Soviet triumphs to comrades who got liquidated in the 1938 purges, the directors of the Institute were all removed and most of them shot.

Things will be stirring, too, in the world of science and learning. It must have come as a shock to Soviet geographers, poring frenziedly over their Marxian atlases, to find that the Little Father is apparently uncommemorated in any single metropolis in the Soviet lands. Yet there is music enough in the mighty syllables of Malenkov-grad, Malenkovopol, Malenkovo and—beyond that last blue mountain barr'd with snow—the fabled city of Malenkovogorsk. One quite medium-sized purge should be enough to make room for them all.

The Little Father was born in 1901. His invention of wireless telegraphy and the flying-machine would probably involve a degree of precocity unacceptable even to the directors of the Marx-Engels-Lenin Institute—unless, of course, they are in a position to show that the currently accepted way of reckoning dates is an impudent attempt by unscrupulous Western historians to foist a false calendar on the world. His invention of radar and jet propulsion, however, his discovery of penicillin and plutonium, and his crossing of the Pacific on the raft *Kon-Tiki* must, by now, be ready for promulgation. As for his political genius, who but he could have outwitted the combined guile of Churchill, Roosevelt and Chiang Kai-shek at Cairo, of Churchill and Roosevelt at Yalta, and of Attlee and Truman at Potsdam?

Art, too, must play its part. In every Government office in Russia, in every hotel bedroom, in every railway waiting-room, there hangs a framed photograph. It shows the face of a kindly old man with a crew-cut and a heavy moustache. But this is not the Little Father; the Little Father has a handsome clean-shaven face with jowls and a double chin. It is good to think that, among so much mourning, the State painters and the State photographers are putting up Stakhanovite performances as they try to cope with the spontaneous demand of the People for likenesses of the well-loved, but so far little-known, features of their brave, kind, wise leader. Composers are hurriedly calling in their scores and adjusting the rhythms of their *Odes to Stalin* and *Stalin Cantatas* to the new requirements, while poets discard their spondees and weave new lines around the precious amphibrach. The Red Army itself, delighted by the honour paid by the Little Father to its Marshal Zhukov, marches no more to the stirring songs of yesterday—

*Battle honour is dear to us!
Our good horses beat their hoofs
As we rush against Stalin's foes...*

but steps out to a new song, a song instinct with patriotism and love of the Little Father:

*Battle honour is dear to us!
Our good horses beat their hoofs
As we rush against Malenkov's foes...*

The chap they must really be missing in the Soviet to-day is Comrade Zhdanov. Comrade Zhdanov in 1946 reformed Russian literature with a stroke of the pen; in 1947 he reformed Soviet philosophy; and in 1948 he cleaned up Soviet music. One feels that a couple of articles in *Pravda* from him, and perhaps a conference or two, and there would no longer be any doubt about who was Little Father now. Though with his great concern for the arts, Comrade Zhdanov might have ensured that the new Little Father's name scanned more like his predecessor's, and even (if you count "zh" as one letter) had the same number of letters in it. B. A. YOUNG



TELL MOTHER, NOW

"WELL," my mother said, "you look a bit better now I've got some food inside you. I thought it was a ghost getting off the train when I went to meet you. It's a good thing I can get you home every so often or you'd never live. I can do quite a lot even in two days. Now, tell me what you've been doing since you were home last."

"I've told you in my letters," I said.

"No you haven't," my mother said. "You never tell us anything in your letters. I never know anything or anybody and I'm expected to sit placidly in the dark with my imagination running round and round and your father calmly carrying on as though nothing had happened."

"Nothing has happened," I said.

"Well, what *has* happened?" my mother asked.

"Nothing," I said.

"What have you been *doing* then?" my mother asked.

"Just ordinary things," I said.

"I've been to the theatre, I've been to the cinema, I've been out to dinner, and so on."

"I know one thing you never do," my mother said. "Walk. You never go for a walk, do you?"

"Yes," I said.

"No you don't," my mother said. "You spend all day in a stuffy office and all evening in a stuffy cinema and you go to bed full of smoke and germs. You never give your lungs a chance. And then you're amazed when you wake up with one cold after another. I've never seen you without you've got a cold."

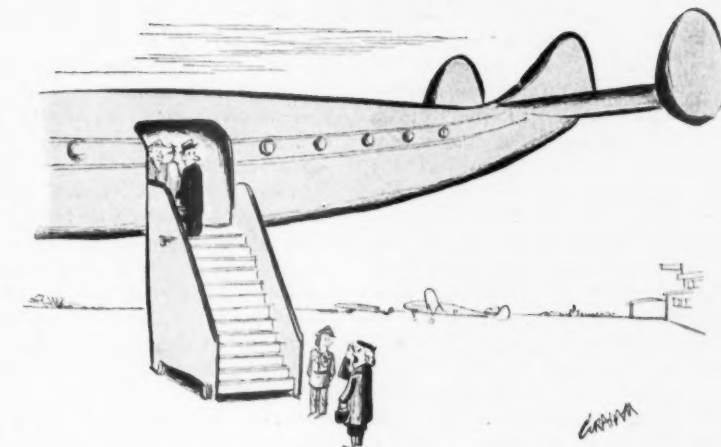
"I haven't got a cold now," I said.

"Yes you have," my mother said. "You ought to go for a brisk walk every morning before breakfast and breathe. Well, come on—what else have you been doing? Who did you go with to these places?"

"Different people."

"Who?" my mother asked.

"Philip? Have you seen any more of Philip? He sounded nice. I was



"Don't forget to change at Singapore!"

glad when you said you liked him because I thought from the very beginning he sounded nice. Mrs. Alcock thinks he does, too."

"Who's Philip?" I said.

"Philip," my mother said. "You told me you met him at a party when you were wearing your new blouse."

"I don't know anybody called Philip," I said.

"Of course you do," my mother said. "I remember him very well. You said he'd just come back from Switzerland."

"Oh, that's Trevor," I said.

"Well, Trevor, then," my mother said. "How is he?"

"Quite well, I think," I said.

"His wife has had 'flu, though."

"His wife?" my mother cried.

"I didn't know he was married! Why didn't you tell me he was married?"

"Why on earth should I? I only mentioned him along with everybody else."

"Of course you should have told me!" my mother said. "What am I going to tell Mrs. Alcock? I don't know why you can't write sensible letters instead of bits and pieces that I have to read between. I tell you everything that happens here, don't I?"

"Yes," I said.

"I told you about the new postman and what Mrs. Frazer said to Mrs. Maple about Mrs. Grainger's curtains, didn't I? I told you we've got another bus-stop, didn't I? I told you about the public meeting in the village hall when it was carried unanimously that Wether Bilbury stands firmly behind the United Nations, didn't I?"

"Yes," I said.

"There you are then," my mother said. "When you go back to London just try to send nice, long, newsy letters that I can talk about instead of lying awake for hours when your father won't even stir. Especially," my mother added, "in the hairdresser's."

MARJORIE RIDDELL

2 2

"POLICE CONSTABLE'S WIVES SENTENCED

Two women, wives of Constable Gbегblevu, who fought at the Cape Coast Police Station, last Tuesday, appeared before His Worship, Mr. Azu Crabbe on Wednesday.

Before the District Magistrate sentenced these women to a fine of 15/- each, he remarked that it was unlawful for a policeman to keep two wives at the Police Station.

He warned that Policemen who had two or more wives must always put one at the Station and the other in the town."

West African Monitor

Noted.

LOST BEYOND RECALL

WAITING for my bus and glancing along the shop fronts I meet the stare of Lost Property. It is a stare, quite unlike that "shining, morning face" of the tobacconist's on one side, the grocer's on the other.

One's impression of an old-fashioned trunk stores is troubled by the variety of objects that have crept into the picture. Umbrellas, rugs, handbags—every niche filled; yet nothing, not so much as a galosh toe, allowed on the pavement. What has strayed once might be tempted again. But nearby, roving the kerbs, will be found a prickly individual—himself the repository of wardrobes beyond restraint—with the placard "Furs, Trunks, Suit-cases—Sale Now On."

Out of the window, as out of a Snyders still-life, starts such an abundance, what with opera-glasses slung from accordions and the stoppered smile of a dressing-case supporting vanity-bags and billiards balls, that I am drawn forward in admiration; pyramids of almost new cases, shirts still in their transparent wrapping, barometers, made-up bow-ties (a whole corner devoted to these), socks, fancy and plain, velvet jackets, two Coronation coaches (the larger, pulled by eight horses, standing half a foot high), crystal wireless sets, squash rackets, shoe trees, sunshade clusters, a pair of skates volant—what detail! What *collectionism*!

Yet, unlike the still-life, it reflects not appetite but the lack of it. All these articles have been brought to their present exigency—for, despite a brave show, it's no less—by the simple fact of being not wanted. Abandoned! The accordion-player, leaving behind on the seat that instrument which had perhaps been the rallying point of a countryside, turned his back on light-fingered music; the telescope was laid down, not to resume its kindly surveillance of neighbours; typewriters mark the lapse into silence, and sextants a change of occupation. In the circumstances tragedy, which haunts the pawn-

shop's five coffee-spoons, is surprisingly absent.

Once, between the wars, I remember seeing a bird-cage.

Confidence wavers. Does railway travel encourage forgetfulness? Are there particular lines—those to Southend, for example, and Halifax—along which only the most resolute passengers, huddled behind drawn blinds and popped in and out of tunnels, will be able to fight off the choking fumes of amnesia? Till last week, introducing into the window a fine transverse sweep, there had been a pair of skis. Kiltie, rubber dinghies one might bow the head to—but skis? How can anyone forget, lose, or let slip such a belonging? We must assume at once, I think, to keep our hold on solidities, a preternaturally good or bad skier. The first would have given rein to a sudden aversion, flinging them (after all, only his third-best pair) out of the carriage window, to try embankment slopes on their own.

I favour, however—after looking at it, at *them* from many angles—the rash, silly performer. He—not she, I imagine—set out for Derbyshire with a week-end invitation. It was snowing: what more natural than to take skis? The fairyland of St. Pancras is left behind, the new Dornford Yates novel just peeped into—that must wait for the evenings; there's lunch among the white wastes of Nottingham, followed by a doze in the not-too-crowded carriage, and dreams of long, intertwining runs. He wakes with a jolt. What's happened? The sun is shining, the fields are green,

barbarously the birds sing. He arrives in a midsummer haze to see his host—in flannels—standing to wave from a car: at this instant, to sundry bellowings and antics along the platform, his skis are unloaded. He cannot but disown them.

Still, that's only half the story. The skis, once abandoned, are never reclaimed. Why? The question will plague us with almost every article here except the most detestable or trivial. They can't all, the ex-owners, be rudely rich, or dead of a sudden, or behind bars. No, for a final explanation we must turn inwards, meeting there strange reluctances, wrong numbers, inquiries and applications, forms mislaid, months sliding away into the August rains with their call to the seaside. You know how it is!

What shadows now appear in the window! These gauntlets can never have brought warmth, these relinquished umbrellas precluded storm at home; the shiny new cases are, one and all, cases for Dr. Freud. A day may come when among these dread objects we shall recognize one, when—art thou there, truepenny?—the initials on the brief-case will be ours.

Meanwhile, possessively, somewhat sadly, I weigh the presence of certain objects—typewriters, for example, and Union Jacks—against the hardly less curious absence of others, including boots, books, hats, gloves, jewellery, watches. Where have they gone? What limbo attends buttons and pins?

Lost! Quite lost!

And I turn back for my bus: but it's away—lost!—and I must wait ten more minutes by this strangely inimical window.

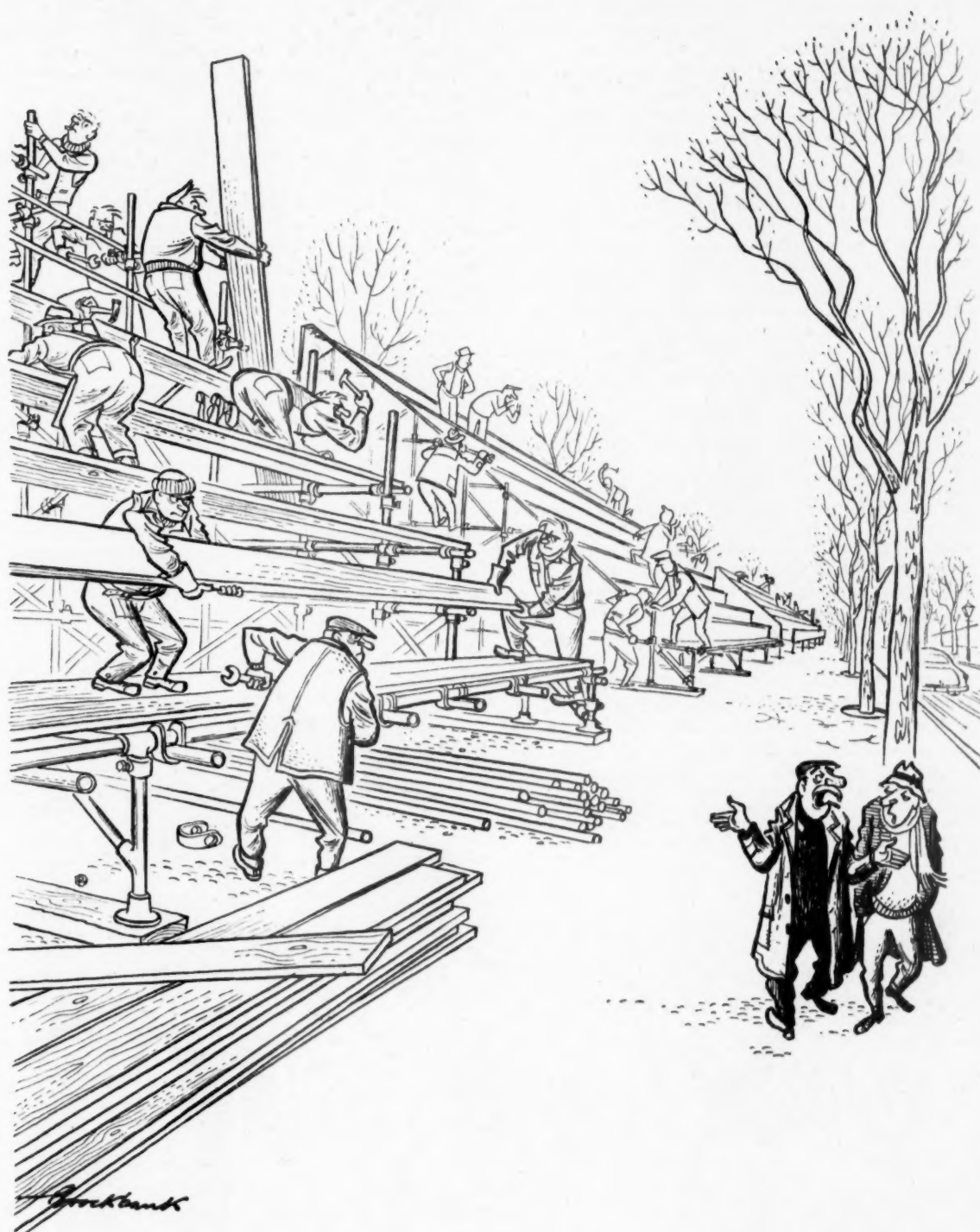
G. W. STONIER

IRONS FOR THE IRON DUKE!

For, it is said, artistic reasons, the sculptor omitted stirrups and other details of harness from the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington which stands in the forecourt of the Royal Exchange.

LET stirrups be given, at last, to the Duke
To ease his discomfort, to end its rebuke.
If not for the Waterloo story—if not
Because of Peninsular glory forgot—
Yet seat him securely and hold him in awe—
Remember he's Hornblower's brother-in-law!

MARK BEVAN



"They only got to take it all down again."

NOW IT CAN'T BE TOLD

IT has never been the policy of this paper to disclose military secrets, nor will any departure be made on the present occasion, despite the fact that serious leakages have already occurred in other organs of the Press. What is permissible, however, is to discuss with reasonable precautions certain broad principles of military strategy evoked by last week's unmentionable incident.

The ability to put himself into his opponent's shoes and thereby deduce the enemy's probable tactics has always been the hallmark of a great general. What has now to be asked—and the question has implications reaching far beyond the purely military sphere—is whether it is legitimate, or indeed wise, to go a step further and put oneself into one's opponent's hat.

The search for precedents is unrewarding. History does not, so far as the present writer knows, overtly record a similar occurrence. But historical records are incomplete, and only a very rash or a very stupid man would state categorically that none of the great conquerors of the past ever adopted such a device. King Sargon of Assyria, to take a king at random, may conceivably have appeared before his staff in the undress uniform of Merodach-Baladan III, when, in 710 B.C., he had occasion to analyze that monarch's likely reactions to his projected invasion of Babylonia. The chronicles of Nabonidus are silent on the point, but the omission is not conclusive. What can be guessed with much more certainty is that Merodach-Baladan never dreamed of turning the tables by adopting, even momentarily, the headgear of King Sargon. Merodach-Baladan was no fool, and readers familiar with Sargon's hats* will agree that no monarch with less than Sargon's personality could put such a

thing on his head and expect to retain the respect of his adherents. The point to note here is that Sargon won.

It is tempting to consider whether Demosthenes, in the heat of his cold war with Philip, ever popped out from behind a screen wearing a Macedonian helmet, but we must confine ourselves to probabilities. The scene shifts to Carthage. It is the year 251 B.C. and Hamilcar Barca is explaining his plans for laying waste the coasts of Sicily and throwing 140 elephants into Panormus.

Hamilcar. These elephants, gentlemen, which will be ready in a few months' time, are the heaviest we have ever had. No javelins at present in the enemy's possession are capable of penetrating their skin. How, then, may we expect the Romans to react to this new threat? I have here a *pileus*, or small felt skull-cap, of the kind worn by my opponent L. Caecilius Metellus, which I now propose to put on—

A Voice. Steady, Barca.

Hamilcar. It is all very well to laugh. Kindly hand me that toga and a glass of Falernian and I will appreciate the situation from the point of view of a Roman consul unaccustomed to elephants. Thank you. Pivoting my right . . .

No. With the best will in the world the mind is incapable of conceiving Hamilcar Barca waging this advanced kind of neo-psychological warfare. It is the same with Hannibal, with Scipio, with Julius Caesar, with Agrippa. The Emperor Claudius, a man of advanced views and considerable imagination, might at

* Other readers may like to know that Sargon wore a kind of flower-pot with a cone on top of it. See bas-relief in the British Museum showing Sennacherib, son of Sargon, hatted and riding in a chariot, with umbrella raised, at the head of his army. The hat is clearly one of his father's cast-offs.





a pinch, have worn another man's hat. But whose? Not Caratacus's surely? We leave classical times with the problem still unsolved . . .

Mediaeval and modern history bristle with the names of antagonists who might well, with incalculable results, have swapped hats—Harold and William, Jenghiz Khan and the Manchus, Elizabeth of England and Philip of Spain, Wolfe and Montcalm, Napoleon and Wellington. But the evidence is lacking. We do not even know for certain, perhaps we shall never know, whether Hitler, in a last desperate bid to probe the policies of his arch-enemy, ever went to the lengths of assuming a replica of one of Mr. Churchill's hats. All we can say for certain is that, if he did, it is a pity to have missed it.

And now, what of the future? Speaking with all due reserve and being careful to avoid lending colour to irresponsible rumours, it may be said that a new and fearful turn has been given to the conduct of war and of preparation for war. What the long-term result will be it would be difficult—and perhaps contrary to the national interest—to attempt to forecast. But there can be no harm in saying that the immediate consequence seems likely, at the time of writing, to be a raspberry for someone at SHAPE.

H. F. ELLIS

THE CELTS

I THINK of the Celts as rather a whining lady
Who was beautiful once but is not so much so now.
She is not very loving, but there is one thing she loves—
It is her grievance that she hugs and takes out walking.

The Celtic lady likes fighting very much for freedom
But when she has won it she is a proper tyrant.
Nobody likes her very much when she is governing.

The Celtic lady is not very widely popular
But the English love her, oh, they love her very much,
Especially when the Celtic lady is Irish they love her,
Which is odd, as she hates them then more than anyone else.

When she's Welsh the English stupidly associate her chiefly
With national hats, eisteddfods and old age pensions.
They don't think of her at all when she's Scotch. It is rather a problem.

Oh, the Celtic lady when she's Irish is the one for me;
Oh, she is so witty and wild—my word, witty—
And flashing and spiteful, this Celtic lady we love.
All the same, she is not so beautiful as she was.

STEVIE SMITH

SOCIAL VALUES OF SOCCER

IT's not often that amateur football, for most of the season played in pleasant obscurity, attracts any public attention. However, two things have created a slight stir of interest, even among those who find amateur soccer about as exciting as amateur ballet. One was the experiment of holding the University match at Wembley, where a goalless draw was played recently; the other the Amateur Cup semi-finals on Saturday, as a result of which Harwich will meet the winners of the Pegasus and Southall replay in the Final. The University match, whose 5,000 spectators looked strangely lonely in the great grey stone amphitheatre that holds 100,000, was not, in fact, a success. The quality of the play was intelligent enough, but no one seemed to know where the goals were, and many of the elementary arts had just not been mastered. Perhaps, more than anything, the funereal emptiness of the stadium contributed to the anaesthetic gloom.

Either way, it was a pity, for University soccer and amateur football in general are greatly on the mend. But if this recovery, after a period when soccer, once the preserve of the Beau Brummels of sport, sank into total social disrepute, is to be maintained, great attention must be paid in the next

few years to details. The problem of housing the University match is, of course, this: which, for the players, is better—to play at Wembley unnoticed, or before a passionate crowd, near enough to smell their breath, at Iffley Road or Dulwich or Kennington Oval?

Curiously enough, the Amateur Cup Final has suddenly caught the imagination, and Pegasus, a team composed of Oxford and Cambridge players, excited the admiration of one and all when they won the Cup two years ago. Here, people said, were the present-day Corinthians. They began to rout about in their memories for the great names, the Hon. A. F. Kinnaird (who used to take the field in long flannel trousers, blue-and-white cricket cap and wearing a destructive red beard), De Paravicini, and A. T. B. Dunn, all of Eton and England, C. W. Alcock of Harrow, Vidal of Westminster (both internationals), and many others. When the Amateur Final is played next month there will be a full house of 100,000.

University football will certainly increase in stature during the next decade, but in the meantime some niceties of sporting aesthetics, techniques and social values are worth discussing.

For there is no doubt that, put beside its professional counterpart, amateur soccer still looks a sadly weak bloom. The amateur cricketer, Rugby player, squash player, tennis player, rider, can hold his own with anyone, whether as an undergraduate or business man who plays in his spare time. It is not unusual for undergraduates to play in a Test Match or to represent their country at Twickenham, yet Oxford and Cambridge soccer players are pygmies compared with the general run of 1st, 2nd or 3rd Division professionals. They are, in relation to the stars that grace international soccer, as stumbling chorus-girls to ballerinas, or as the vicar playing snooker in the youth club to Joe Davis. Why is this? It should not be fitness, for University Rugby players can get as fit as they ever will be; it should not,

though undergraduates are notoriously obtuse in many matters, be a lack of intelligence. The best professional soccer produces a spectacle of controlled passion, trained skill and beauty only matched by ballet dancing or bull-fighting, and accessible to anyone who is moved by painting, grace in action, or subtlety of strategy.

The only conclusion possible is that while squash, tennis, Rugby and cricket can be taken in an ordinary man's stride, provided the natural gifts and determination are there, the professional soccer player must be a dedicated, special sort of man. Because of this extension of skill into a profession, with its ceaseless demands, football became an industry, with the responsibility of competing as an entertainment with every other form of popular art. When this began early in this century, the great amateurs, who had helped the Wanderers, Oxford University and Old Etonians, among others, to win the F.A. Cup, dropped out of the game. Yet professional soccer is now an industry that is also the highest level at which the masses can appreciate art.

University soccer and amateur soccer are just not the best of their kind, and it is because of this alone that they tend to arouse little interest. It has become impossible for an amateur team to give professionals a game, with the result that the contempt of the spectator for the inferior has been confused with social snobbishness. Winchester, Charterhouse, Shrewsbury and Westminster still produce their occasional player of talent, but there is only one from the Public Schools, H. A. Pawson of Winchester, who could, and has, commanded a place in a First Division side.

Those interested in comparative anthropology or aesthetics might well visit Wembley on April 11, Twickenham next Saturday (when England play Scotland), and Wembley again for the Cup Final on May 2. They will, even without looking at the field of play, find much to speculate about.

ALAN ROSS



"And whatever you do—don't scratch it."



KINDLY REFRAIN

ONCE in an earlier Spring,
Toward his lover leaning
With starry eyes,
A Londoner would sing
Songs of great enterprise
But little meaning.

In May, in May, the young of the town
Cried Hoyda! Hoyda! Derry, derry down!
Not a maid sang Hey! but a suitable man
Sang Dándirly, dándirly, dándirly, dan!
Ut hoy!
And a farmer's boy
Whistled in a meadow by Westminster
To the girl who passed him by.

But lovers in our time
(Where'er they walk
At this bright season)
No longer sing. They talk.
They do not rhyme.
They only reason.

To-day, to-day, not a lover I know
Sings Héy-go-bet, héy-go-bet, héy-go-hó!
If a maid calls Hi! not a man makes merry
With Húffa-galánd! or Tyrri on the berry!
But joy!
A butcher's boy
Still whistles in an alley by Westminster
To the girl who passes by. PAUL DEHN



WHAT'S TO COME IS STILL UNSURE

ALTHOUGH I cannot myself boast of any great intellectual power, I am never so happy as when I chance to be in the company of deep thinkers. My normal rôle is that of a listener, but sometimes I venture on an occasional observation, mainly with the object of stimulating further discussion. I succeeded in this rather well the other night, when I spent an hour or two with my friend Ponderby.

I had been commenting on a little piece of information which I had seen in my paper some weeks previously, about women's feet. They were getting gradually bigger, it was said—a size in half a century, or something of the kind—and I had been amusing myself by making a few guesses at the various changes in our way of life to which this tendency might lead in the far distant future. Woman, I said, would in the end become altogether immobile, sitting at home in a state of torpor, and only rousing herself to receive the fragments of food thrust into her open mouth by the more active male. I was beginning to examine the possibility of a complete change-over to a vegetable economy, and of a root of some kind being driven into the ground, when Ponderby, who had been listening with a quizzical smile, interposed a rather unexpected question.

"You appear to take man's survival for granted," he said. "Do you also assume that he will continue to maintain his supremacy over his fellow creatures?"

"I see no reason to doubt it," I said.

Ponderby took out pipe and pouch, and settled himself more snugly in his chair.

"You would not envisage a world ruled by mackerel?" he said.

"By mackerel, Ponderby!" I exclaimed. "You must be joking!"

"Not at all. We are taking a mental leap into a very remote future—some billions of years hence perhaps—and we must give our fancy free rein. Away with timid speculations about vegetable women!

I admit that I have deliberately chosen one of the most startling possibilities that occurred to me, and it may be that the conception of a submarine world State is a difficult one. However, our speculations need not necessarily be confined to fish. Other creatures may well be capable of challenging man's supremacy: the bee, for example, or perhaps the dog."

"But surely, Ponderby," I said, "a creature so small and frail as the bee would be hard put to it to seize power?"

"When you talk about 'seizing power'," said Ponderby, "it is obvious that your mind is still firmly rooted in the present. You are trying to visualize the bees' getting control of the railway stations and post offices, swarming into Broadcasting House, and so on. A change of this kind is not going to occur overnight. As to the frailness of the bee, is it so very fantastic to suggest that the mysterious forces now at work upon women's feet may not also be busy in the bee-hive? Would you feel so sure of your boasted superiority if you were to be confronted by a bee of fourteen or fifteen stones weight?"

"I very much doubt it, Ponderby," I said soberly.

"In the bee world," continued Ponderby, "it does not necessarily follow that man will have no place. Some humans might perhaps be kept as pets; others, their sense of smell sharpened by aeons of selective

breeding, for tracking purposes, much as we use bloodhounds to-day. Species producing a fine head of hair might be kept in flocks, for periodical shearing, and others might be preserved in the woods, to be chased by sporting bees."

"It is a terrifying picture, Ponderby," I said.

"It is not a pleasant one," he agreed. "Perhaps we had better forget the bee and turn our thoughts for a moment to the dog. Here again we must put from our minds any idea of some lightning *coup d'état*: of a mob of Great Danes surging into the House of Commons, of policemen with trousers torn to tatters, and so on. The rise of the dog will proceed by infinitesimal stages, and it is fairly certain that it will be well under way before we realize what is going on. For all we know, it may have already begun."

"Really, Ponderby!" I exclaimed. "I hardly—"

"The first step would be the evolution of a canine language, and the exchange of thoughts on political, economic and social problems. It is not impossible that something of the sort has already been accomplished, and that all the barking, the carrying of sticks, baskets and newspapers, the tricks, the tail-wagging—that all this is simply retained as a cloak for an increasingly powerful and penetrating intelligence."

"Good heavens, Ponderby!" I gasped, glancing involuntarily at his retriever Macready as he lay, head on paws, before the fire. The animal returned my look with an indescribable shiftiness, and then suddenly rolled over on its back with its paws in the air. Ponderby's face was very grim.

"Not in our time, probably," he said.

I left soon afterwards. In the hall Macready made a tremendous fuss, barking wildly, jumping up, and bringing me in quick succession a rubber bone, a leash, and Ponderby's walking-shoes. He seemed to me to be overdoing it.

T. S. WATT



Bandsman—Royal Marines



ONE might have supposed that commercial radio had picked over rather thoroughly the opportunities to punctuate its output with advertising. Not only does the program, however brief, open and close with a plug for the sponsor, but all sorts of foot-loose endorsements of The Product are often encountered en route. Jokes and comedy situations, musical themes, sports broadcasts—all have an eerie way of converting themselves suddenly into a commercial announcement. Yet only recently was it discovered that radio had been wasting a full 8 seconds between network programs by leaving 30 seconds for the local station to use in identifying itself. The local station was astonished to find that 22 seconds would suffice for its own announcement, leaving 8 seconds of absolutely unoccupied time available for sale. The result: a 16-word commercial known as The Short. Here, then, is the up-to-date interval between radio programs, with each item instantly on the heels of its predecessor:

Network program ends with a long commercial.

Local station declares itself, usually with a stout commercial added in its own behalf.

The Short.

Next program begins with a long commercial.

The joke is that from all the expensive blandishments flung at the listener during this period, The Short, which is the cheapest, stands out like neon over candlelight. Its sixteen words can be screamed at the listener, whereas any such pitch

for long announcements would be impossible. Thus from a context with which the listener is all too familiar and to which he has learned to numb the ear, a sledgehammer message socks him and is gone. Already the fact that a certain soap powder is cheaper than any detergent has been whacked into the public consciousness by The Short. Forward The Short!

* * * * *

AMERICAN VIEWPOINT

WASHINGTON circles—and the Republican press—are hypersensitive about mink. Ever since Vice-President Nixon was campaigning on the circumstance, among others, that his wife's coat, unlike the sumptuous garments of female Democrats, was cloth and not fur, mink has been tabu among Republicans. There was speculation, at the time of the Eisenhower inauguration, as to just what kind of fur

coat Mrs. Eisenhower was wearing; some observers thought it mink, yet in many newspapers it was no more than "brown fur" or "a soft brown fur."

"It came in over our wire as 'mink,'" a Minneapolis newspaperman said, "and it was 'mink' for two editions. After that, it was 'brown fur.'"

"Why was it changed?" he was asked.

"Well, the Assistant Managing Editor changed it, because he thought the Managing Editor would probably like it better that way."

Newspapermen have an old saying about the free and independent press in a situation of this kind: "Nobody has to tell the milkman's horse where to stop."

* * * * *

THE radio Short has no greater wallop than some of the dodges used by the direct-mail appeals to prospective magazine subscribers. One magazine—call it *Vitality*—has just

sent to its mailing lists in the United States what looks like an invitation. "You are cordially invited," the invitation reads, "to view the Coronation of Her Majesty Elizabeth II, London, England, June Second, Nineteen Hundred and Fifty-three. R.S.V.P." In the same envelope was enclosed a gilt-bordered card of acceptance, which proves to be a subscription order for 78 weeks of *Vitality*. "I accept your invitation," so the reply goes, and on looking further into the offer the customer finds that he will see not only the Coronation, in the special issue of *Vitality*, but also in subsequent weeks a shad hunt in the Bay of Fundy, a gala at the San Francisco opera, the bushmen of Australia, and "a legendary monastery perched on a Greek mountainside." All these materials arrive in an envelope addressed by hand, post-marked London, and rubber stamped "per s.s. Queen Mary."

A few weeks later *Vitality* is hitting up its lists again in a totally different vein: garden seeds. With a brightly illustrated packet of petunia seeds comes the news "There's a lot of vitality in this little package." While waiting for the seeds to flower, the reader of *Vitality* can follow all sorts of other exciting things "sprouting up all around the world." Get it?

* * * * *

THE case of a Negro sharecropper, accused of assaulting a white girl by "leering" at her, has been decided in his favor by the North Carolina Supreme Court. "It cannot be said," the court held, "that a pedestrian may be assaulted by a look, however frightening, from a person riding in an automobile some distance away."

It was an odd case all the way. The girl had complained that the defendant had looked at her in a manner that frightened her as she was walking along a country road, that he stopped his car and "walked rapidly" after her



for some ninety-five paces. The defendant's explanation was that he had mistaken the girl, who was wearing blue jeans, a shirt, and a straw hat, for a boy whom he wished to consult about borrowing a trailer. In the lower court he was found guilty of assault and sentenced to two years on a road gang.

On appeal to the Superior Court, the defendant was tried before an all-white jury. The word "leer" was first supplied by the prosecutor in these proceedings, when the girl seemed to be having trouble in explaining just what kind of look the defendant had given her; she did not know the meaning of "leer," but that was soon cleared up and "leer" became the going word in the trial. "Assault does not have to be a case of physical contact," the trial justice instructed the jury. "If by other means, such as looking at a person in a leering manner, or watching and then following, one causes another to become frightened and run, then he is guilty of assault." Once again the defendant was convicted, but the case was attracting national attention by this time, and he was let off more lightly: a sentence of six months in jail was suspended, and he

was placed on probation for five years. Again he appealed to a higher court.

At no time after leaving his car had the defendant been within sixty-five paces of the girl. That was agreed by all. "There was no overt act," the Supreme Court found, in voiding the conviction and giving the defendant his unconditional freedom, "no threat of violence, no offer or attempt to injure . . . We cannot convict him of a criminal offense solely for what may have been in his mind."

* * * * *

IF the automatic gearshift does come into wider use on British cars, the veteran driver is going to have to re-learn his feet and their uses. Here, for example, is the too experienced driver about to back into a parking space (if he can find one) at the kerb. He sets the hand lever at "R" position. Preoccupied by traffic for the moment, he puts his left foot on the familiar pedal which his sub-conscious tricks him into believing is the clutch. He pushes down, hard. It's the brake, and naturally enough nothing at all happens. His right foot is on the

accelerator pedal, but the engine is just ticking over—enough to ease him backwards. He allows his left foot to come up with the false clutch. Nothing happens. He gives a touch to the accelerator, still vaguely nursing the pedal at the left. The car gives a jerk backwards. Down goes the false clutch—and the car stops with a jerk. Up! Down! On! Off! Forward! Back! Jerk! Screech! Oof! Squee!

Eventually, because he is sufficiently experienced, he will give up and start all over again.

* * * * *

ATENTION, Meat-Safe Owners: A refrigerator manufacturer announced "a revolutionary new idea—the Decorator Refrigerator." This is for the housewife whose eye is jaded by the sameness of gleaming white refrigerator doors, a device which enables her, by the use of detachable strips of metal around the edges, to cover her refrigerator door with cloth. She can make it match her draperies, skirt, or anything else in the house which ought to be matched. The upholstered sink and the quilted stove will no doubt follow.

CHARLES W. MORTON



"Staff usually get an early lead,
but they tire after the interval."



"...and to my dear grandson I bequeath my entire wardrobe."

MEMORIALS OF THE RADDLETHORPE U.D.C.

March 9 1953

274. Clerk to Chairman

COUNCILLOR Plinth has been inquiring about the order of precedence in the procession to the Baths Hall on Raddlethorpe Founders' Day. He ranks as the eldest grandson of a Master in Lunacy, but no precedence whatever attaches to that position. Masters in Lunacy themselves, it seems, come before the Eldest Sons of Younger Sons of Peers. If only he were an M.B.E. we could shove him between the Eldest Sons of Knights and the Younger Sons of Baronets. Or a Police Medallist, even. Will you tell him or shall I? We must avoid a repetition of the scene at the Drama Festival, and I fear we shall have a lot of trouble of this sort before the year is out.

2. The young man whom you saw in the office is a Mr. Orgivy of U.S.A. He describes himself as an endowment exchange student on a Krutch Foundation travelling research grant and asked if he could act as a public relations officer for a few weeks until he goes on to Finland. I did not commit us, of course, but I said we would try to help.

March 10 1953

275. Chairman to Clerk

You may release full details of the Pennines Refuse and Ashbin Community to the Press at noon to-morrow. You should stress the following points:

(a) This is an historic occasion in that the age-old frontier between Yorkshire and Lancashire is at last to be broken down. For Raddlethorpe to tip its rubbish in Jarkley, or for Goston to standardize its incinerators with those of Rutbridge would have been unheard-of twenty years ago.

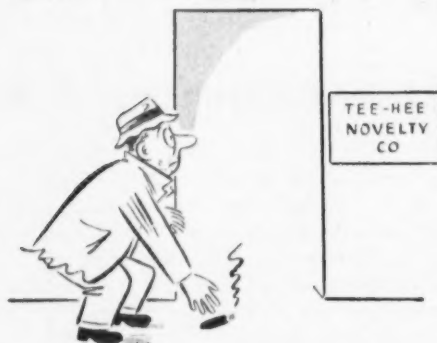
(b) The present title, which we shall abbreviate to Pennirac, has been preferred to the Raddlethorpe, Jarkley, Goston and Rutbridge Joint Cleansing Board because of the supra-municipal character of the undertaking. Each urban district is sacrificing freedom of action over the refuse in its area to a High Refuse Authority composed of delegates of all four. This will work in conjunction with the Standing Garbage Group.

(c) Resources are to be pooled. Each district will contribute one dust-cart for every 2,500 of its population. These will be radio-controlled so that at

peak periods they can be switched from, for instance, Cover Point Street, Raddlethorpe, to Copreel Street across the border in Rutbridge at a minute's notice.

(d) Each vehicle will carry eight sanitary consultants instead of four as hitherto. The term "dust-man" will be discontinued.

(e) It is earnestly hoped that the Borough of Greasekirk will eventually see its way to joining the community. It was Greasekirk's idea in the first place and they have stated that "while our other commitments preclude our participation in the scheme we are determined to forge strong and durable links with the community under the umbrella of the West Riding County Council." (Between ourselves, not for publication, I cannot see what this means. Either they join or they stay out.) The Mayor of Greasekirk has described the scheme as "instinct with wisdom and practical statesmanship."



(f) In the first few years of operation the community will require to increase the cleansing department rate in each district by 2s. 8d. in the pound.

(g) A liaison committee will be set up as soon as the Standing Group has found its feet.

You can point out that there are social and ethnic barriers to be overcome as well as differences of language. In Lancashire, for instance, they call a jennel a gunnel, but a standard usage will no doubt develop. I should avoid reference to the cultural clauses until Jarkley has signed the preamble.

March 11, 1953

276. Additions to Council Agenda

Coun. Bradawl to move: "That Mr. Chairman be no longer heard."

Amendment (Coun. Plinth): "After the word 'heard' add the words 'at this juncture.'"

Coun. Tuft to move: The Previous Question.

March 11, 1953

277. Rodent Control to Sanitary Office (Baths Superintendent to see)

Please find appended a table* showing the working results for the rodent year ended February 28. New ground has been broken by the sub-classification of rodents under the two heads (a) rats and (b) other rodents. If this system should prove popular with the Council I shall propose to adopt it in future years.

It's a bit parky this morning.

G. D. TAYLOR

* The table can be inspected free of charge on application to the District Archivist.

§ §

WHITE VAMPIRE

HE comes by night, more silently than Night,
choosing the velvet currents of the air
that flow from the new-warmed earth down which to steal

as they chill in the moon's light.

He settles where the last snow has melted—
where the spider's wheel

was first spun,

where the owl her vigil keeps

who knows him for an ally,

for he will numb

her preys' quicksilver senses;

so gently he creeps

upon his victims they know not he has come

until his sucking mouth begins to drain

their life-sap, shrivelling artery and vein,

turning the bud, pregnant in burgeoning love

half inside out, like a yellowing cast-off glove.

And yet this sucker of the blood of trees,

this murderer of young, green-grey things,

this treacherous white vampire it is that frees

from its iced prison, the soil, all corn that springs.

R. C. SCRIVEN



Impressions of Parliament



Monday, March 9

As the War Minister, Mr. HEAD, was asking for a mere £526,000,000,

House of Commons: few Members
Army Manœuvres (All Night) bothered to stay.

But he had a good story to tell about the British Army and its progress—and he told it well, in spite of the fact that he was suffering from the prevalent influenza. The Army is to have, for instance, the most powerful and best heavy gun tank in the world—a fact which, in these curious times, must be accounted good news. And an arrangement seems probable under which, in spite of the fact that our small arms will differ, we and the United States will be able to use each other's ammunition.

Mr. CHURCHILL himself has always been a keen critic of the "tail" of our Army, and Mr. HEAD announced that four separate and distinct inquiries were now going on into means of docking that seemingly unnecessary appendage. He hoped, too, that something would be done to improve barracks, so that the Army would no longer be a "service for slum dwellers," as is, unfortunately, true in some places at present.

And there are to be better allowances for soldiers serving overseas and forced to leave their families behind. This last announcement drew one of the few cheers produced by a lively speech from a strangely apathetic House.

Then came the customary battle between the Brigade of Guards and the Rest of the Army. This always follows the same lines, with some Member (usually on the Opposition side) alleging "from personal experience" that the methods of the Guards are inhuman and militarily valueless and productive only of unthinking automata.

This is followed by a reply from an ex-Guards' officer—this time Mr. NIGEL FISHER took the part—who hotly declares that the Guards are the finest corps in the British Army,

than which . . . and so on. Then someone (to-night, Mr. SIMMONDS) declares that the very backbone of the Army is supplied by the County regiments (usually mentioning a particular County), and so on. And then whoever has to reply for the Government has to try to steer a cautious and non-committal course home between the oratorical bodies strewn about the House. Great fun. The game (like some similar nursery games) never seems to pall and never seems to vary in the slightest. One attractive feature of it is that the onlookers appear to get as much enjoyment from it as do the players as the tension mounts and faces become puer and puer. The term "Damme Sir!" is un-Parliamentary but is clearly implied in most of contending speeches.

There was one touch in the Minister's speech which appealed

particularly to those Party leaders who have been known to complain, when under stress, that they are being stabbed in the back. Mr. HEAD mentioned that he was providing certain troops with body-armour waistcoats, and added, with the blandest of smiles across the floor, that one was available for inspection (and trial for fit) in the Library of the House. It was, he added with the persuasive air of the skilled salesman, "armoured back and front."

The rush of Party leaders to the Library was kept just within the bounds of good order and Parliamentary discipline.

Tuesday, March 10

Lord ALEXANDER's Intelligence seemed to have failed him to-day,

House of Commons: for he came to
Iron and Steel the Peers' Gallery
of the Commons

(as he had on Monday) apparently expecting another lot of Service Estimates; but it was the Iron and Steel Bill again that claimed the attention of fully forty-seven Members of all Parties. Lord A. soon beat a strategic and rapid retreat—in good order, of course, and to prepared positions in Another Place.

Question-time had been enlivened by a vigorous cross-examination of Ministers, and Mr. BOYD-CARPENTER, particularly, seemed more than once on the verge of filling in a form for one of those waistcoats (armoured back and front) when Miss IRENE WARD sent over a few nifty sniper's shots from behind as a hail of shrapnel came from in front. However, he bore up bravely, with Mr. CHURCHILL himself giving covering fire when the subject of Government aid for flood victims was raised.

Mr. MORRISON asked formally for time to discuss the Opposition's feeling that the Government had not quite lived up to what had been taken to be its intentions in regard to helping all victims. Mr. CHURCHILL denied the charge, but there is to be a debate soon.



For Customs purposes we call any spade a spade. (Mr. Boyd-Carpenter)

Wednesday, March 11

It was the turn of Mr. DAVID GAMMANS to take his place in the waistcoat queue,

House of Commons: Egyptian Riddle

and a variety of missiles hurtled about him as he was questioned on the length of time it took letters to travel to and from Cheshire (on which Col. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT accused him of "stonewalling"), bad postal facilities in Cornwall ("a cold war on the people there," said Mr. GEOFFREY WILSON), and sponsored TV.

"Don't make wild allegations—give me facts!" was the dauntless reply of the A.-P.M.G.

"Stonewalling!" rasped the Colonel.

Mr. SELWYN LLOYD was asked to make a statement on a Press interview given by General Neguib, Prime Minister of Egypt, in which he was reported as making charges against the British administrators in the Sudan, alleging (*inter alia*) that they were deliberately holding up the general election which is to be the first step towards political independence, and generally failing to honour the recent agreement.

Clearly angered by the reports, Mr. LLOYD said he had asked for full information from the Governor-General of the Sudan about the charges—which he felt sure would

be completely disproved—and had also seen the Egyptian Ambassador, to tell him how strongly the Government disapproved of attempts to conduct diplomacy by means of statements to the Press.

In any case, the Government was determined that the Sudanese should have the right to express their views without unfair pressure from any quarter, said the Minister, to the cheers of all sides of the House.

Yet another session of the Steel Bill was enlivened a little by an interruption in the form of a Private Bill which enabled Members to talk merrily for some time of those perennial topics of conversation (rivalling even the weather), dirty and unpunctual trains. One could almost see the chagrin of decades oozing as Member after Member raised his pet grouse. But no stationmaster could have been more tactful or soothing than Mr. ALAN LENNOX-BOYD, the Minister of Transport. He neither denied nor admitted anything about anything—except that there was "great room for improvement."

Their Lordships sat until the (almost) unprecedented time of 12.22 A.M., discussing the Transport Bill. They just caught their last trains.

Thursday, March 12

Mr. GEORGE WARD, for the Air Minister, presented the Air Estimates, in so

House of Commons: Air Estimates

lugubrious a tone and manner that most people thought he had a gloomy story to tell. But, allowing for the fact that no good Service Minister is ever completely satisfied, but is a permanent Oliver Twist, seeking more, it was not a discouraging story he had to tell. In fact, as they used to say about the Army, the Air Force of to-day's all right and seems to be the ideal outlet for the high-flying ambitions of modern youth.

The debate was interesting but, at times, extremely technical—as is perhaps inevitable with so many Old R.A.F.s about the place.

Friday, March 13

With a quizzical eye on those professional worriers, the Whips, Members con-

House of Commons: Sheep Worrying

sidered a private Member's Bill to lessen the worrying of sheep by dogs. Under this measure, which was "talked out," canine offenders in future might have been shot. One or two Members looked wistfully as though they would like to apply this to the Whips.

GUY EDEN



Four separate inquiries have been started into the problem of cutting the Army's tail of non-combatants.

BARBED WIRE AND BITTER ALMONDS

THE United Nations Mixed Armistice Commission, a long-lived legacy from the Arab-Israeli war of 1948-49, has been working overtime recently, passing judgment on claims that armed Arabs had "infiltrated" into Israel from Jordan, or that Israeli troops had made counter-incursions into Jordan. Although the disease is a serious one, these daily symptoms are no longer anything out of the ordinary to residents in this troubled zone.

As often as not, the Commission meets at the Mandelbaum Gate, which connects the Jordan-held



Old City of Jerusalem with the other three-quarters of the town, proclaimed by the Israelis to be their national capital. The words "Mandelbaum Gate" have a romantic ring. They conjure up the figure of Allenby on a white charger, entering the Holy City beneath a frowning archway set in its ageless walls. The air, one feels, would be heavy with the scent of almond-blossom, bursting gloriously from the ancient tree which gave the Gate its name . . .

The Mandelbaum Gate of real life is rather different. It is approached along a road which still bears the scars of the 1948 war. Coils of rusty barbed wire, used as a clothes-line by neighbouring immigrants from Iraq, festoon the verges. Across a dreary no-man's-land of rocks and ruins, marked here and there with the Hebrew warning "MINES," one has a distant view of the grey Jewish cemetery on the treeless Mount of Olives.

At a point where the rolls of rusty wire stray across the road, beneath a decaying sign in Hebrew, Arabic and Yiddish, there is a wooden hut, painted a flaky yellow. To one side stands a stone house, still pitted with the marks of artillery and mortar fire. In the foreground are a couple of Israeli policemen in British battle-dress, armed with Sten guns. Somewhere beyond the yellow hut lurks the figure of an Arab Legionary, custodian of the Jordan lines. This is the Mandelbaum Gate.

The Gate, which is merely a term of convenience, took its name from one Mandelbaum, part-owner of the battered stone house. This was the scene of a successful last-ditch stand by the Haganah in 1948: now it is the point at which diplomats and Armistice Commissioners traverse the uneasy frontier between the neighbouring States, still technically at war.

Later on, I interviewed Simon Mandelbaum, a venerable figure with a long white beard, who keeps an underwear and blanket shop in one of Jerusalem's less fashionable quarters. I asked rather ingenuously how he liked being a famous man. He had not found, he replied, that having an imaginary Gate named after you gave any noticeable boost to the turnover of vests and knickers. As to his house, he had not set eyes on

it for five years, and he didn't suppose he ever would again.

The list of bizarre characters in Jerusalem is pretty extensive. There is a Russian gentleman on the Jordan side, whose visiting card proclaims him as Consul-General of His Imperial Majesty the Tsar. On the Israeli side, sheltered by the insistence of the United Nations that Jerusalem is an international city, there are two Russian representatives with more substantial pretensions.

One is an individual credited locally with being a Major-General in the M.V.D., who is chief and now the sole survivor of the Soviet Archaeological Mission. The other is the Archimandrite Policar, black-bearded, local head of the Soviet Orthodox Church, who has quite a little staff of recently-imported Moscow priests and civilians. After the breach of diplomatic relations between Israel and the U.S.S.R., the Archaeological and Ecclesiastical Missions are the sole representatives in Israel of the Soviet authorities. The Israelis have recognized this fact by placing their offices under the firm eye of policemen in battle-dress with sub-machine guns.

What will be the future of Israel, an amazing experimental State which derives 87 per cent of its national income from American and other outside sources, is still anybody's guess. Dr. Johnson once observed that "a woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hinder legs; it is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all." The national economy of Israel gives rise to somewhat similar reflections. After five years of toil and zeal, there is still little sign of either a stable economy or a settled national position for Israel. But stability in the Middle East is very like the almond blossom at the Mandelbaum Gate.

A. M.





BOOKING OFFICE

The Military Necessity. Alfred de Vigny. Translated with an introduction by Humphrey Hare. *Crescent Press*, 12/6

THERE can be few subjects upon which so much rubbish has been written at one time or another as life in the Army. At one end of the scale the duties of a soldier are represented as purely romantic or facetious; at the other, considered solely in terms of persecution and self-pity. The latter approach probably reached its highest point in this country in some of the books deriving from the first world war. American novels about the last war tend, in rather the same manner, to be hard-luck stories of the kind published in England during the early 'twenties, of which scarcely any examples reappeared over here.

Why should books about soldiers often be so uninspired? Is it because the whole basis of a soldier's life is rarely understood, especially by the kind of person with some ability to put things down on paper? Alfred de Vigny's *Servitude et Grandeur Militaires*, translated here as *The Military Necessity*, sheds light on this question. It is a work of absorbing interest; most of all to those with some experiences of the Army, or, indeed, any of the Services. Mr. Humphrey Hare (whose recent admirable work on Swinburne will be remembered) has produced a first-rate translation, and his introduction is full of good points.

Vigny's thesis is briefly this: that it is not so much a soldier's courage on the field of battle that makes him a person of a special sort, but the tedious life he has to endure to make him a fit person for his courage to be used. After all, a civilian can be just as courageous in a variety of ways. The nobility and saintliness of a soldier's life, if properly lived—so Vigny indicates—is in his capacity to submit to the dullness, futility and servitude which are the unavoidable accompaniments of military routine. The soldier's uniform, music and drill are, as Mr. Hare well says, "all means to an arcane ideal, the state of military grace. They set him apart, mark him as a member of a dedicated sect and thereby exact the tribute of emotion."

This theme is illustrated in three short stories, linked autobiographically together. The method recalls Lermontov's *A Hero of Our Time* (1840), a book that *The Military Necessity* (1835) oddly resembles in manner, though not at all in spirit. Perhaps this is because the old captain, Maxim Maxemich, might so well have appeared as one of the Frenchman's examples. The

stories show the hard and often paradoxical régime imposed by the sentiments of Duty, Loyalty and Honour.

Vigny knew what he was talking about. Born in 1797, a younger son of the noblesse, he was brought up to hate Bonaparte. All the same it was the era of the Napoleonic victories, which, with his family's military tradition, made him long for a life of action—to which mentally and physically he was quite unsuited. However, at the Restoration he was enrolled in the Corps des Mousquetaires of the Royal Bodyguard. Almost his first important duty, in his scarlet uniform, was to escort the carriage of Louis XVIII to Ghent at the start of the Hundred Days.

He remained in the Army for thirteen years. When the Mousquetaires were disbanded he exchanged into the Infantry of the Guard. Towards the end of his service he was promoted captain in a regiment of the Line. He was involved in civil disturbances, experienced the explosion at Vincennes (vividly described in this book), and was moved to the frontier when war was declared with Spain. But he never saw "action." It was a depressing period for any professional officer. What must it have been for a man whom some consider



Alfred de Vigny

France's greatest poet?

Incredible as it may seem, this book was at first considered an attack on the Army. Apart from its narrative brilliance, its depth and clarity of thought, the pages provide a new picture of this period of French history, seen through such different eyes from those of Stendhal and Balzac who have made the period so familiar. Vigny was a leader of the Romantic Movement. His few female characters are charming but unreal. He is at his best describing an elderly sentry patrolling a rampart, or the conversation of an officer in charge of a platoon patrolling the boulevards during the July Revolution:

"Will you forgive me," he said, "if I ask you to lend me your gorget of the Royal Guard, if you have preserved it? I left mine at home, and I can't send for it or go myself, because they're killing us in the streets like mad dogs: but perhaps, after the three or four years that have elapsed since you left the Army, you no longer possess it. I, too, sent in my papers a fortnight ago, for I'm thoroughly bored with the Army: but yesterday, when I saw the Orders in Council, I said to myself: They will be

fighting. I made a parcel of my uniform, my epaulettes and my bearskin, and I went to the barracks to join those good fellows who are going to be killed at every street corner . . ."

He is a writer who knows about Resignation and Self-Sacrifice; and also how appallingly boring Army life can be. *The Military Necessity* is a book that should not be missed.

ANTHONY POWELL

Intelligent Company

The Groves of Academe. Mary McCarthy. Heinemann, 12/6

The Retreat. P. H. Newby. Cape, 12/6

The Prince of Wales's Feathers. David Mathew. Collins, 10/6

MISS MARY MCCARTHY is an exhilarating novelist. Her books are intended to have the seriousness of satire but instead they have an academic levity; all abstract nouns are of equal weight and there is no fear that an enjoyable argument will ever sink into the drabness of a conclusion. Miss McCarthy's breathless brilliance turns inwards to the structure of her novels as well as outwards to the themes her characters discuss; but structure is merely one of the many things her busy mind is thinking about while she writes, and her fiction is always more of a construct than a growth, a very intelligent and skilful construct but about as lifelike as an immortelle: she deposits her novels with sharp thuds on the graves of her illusions.

The Groves of Academe is a very clever book indeed. It is packed with wit, ingenuities of design and a donnish delight in argument and intrigue. The ostentatiously liberal head of a small experimental college in Pennsylvania appoints a victim of the academic witch-hunt to his staff—a brilliant but impossible man, always seeing plots against himself and accusing the college authorities of dishonesty. When his tenure of his post is threatened, a fight against the authorities is organized on his behalf; this begins as mainly political and ends as mainly personal. After he has rounded on all his supporters in turn, he organizes a Conference on Modern Poetry and this leads to the final crisis.

The story is a minor delight compared with the discussions of American education, modern poetry and freedom of thought. Sometimes Miss McCarthy forgets her chiselled restraint and, with a wild Irish whoop, hurls increasingly loud laughs at the scurrying back of some modern folly. The memory that the novel leaves behind is of a sparkling entertainment whose implications are terrifying. However, the pattern is so elaborately contrived, the characters so

neatly balanced, the arguments so multilaterally convincing, that the implications remain in the background of the attention.

Mr. P. H. Newby's cleverness is austere restricted to exploring the relationships of his characters and describing their environment. The withholding of the casual generalization that does so much to illuminate an author's aims is part of his baffling refusal to make any of the usual gestures towards his readers. His novels unroll in grave, lucid prose a sequence of flights, encounters, treasons and reconciliations, then close in well-bred impassivity. Like Denton Welch's autobiographical stories, Mr. Newby's novels combine fresh and sparkling appearances with ambiguous and unpredictable actions.

The hero of *The Retreat*, a sequel to "A Step to Silence," is deeply in love with his wife, but after being bombed in a hospital ship during the evacuation of France he deserts not to her but to some old friends. The husband is one of Mr. Newby's infuriatingly understanding and exigent friends; his wife may be insane. The bulk of the novel consists of the aimless wanderings of the hero and the afflicted woman, with her husband in tolerant pursuit. After several journeys, and some episodes of apparent symbolic violence, the hero finds sanctuary with his own wife. Mr. Newby tells his story clearly and very readably and, like his other stories, it will linger vividly in the memory. He is never dull. He communicates everything without apparent effort except the significance of his communications.

Archbishop David Mathew's *The Prince of Wales's Feathers* is an oddly uninspired, competent slice of life to come from a man whose other books have been quick-witted and very intelligent. This picture of a Welsh port mildly interests the reader in what will become of the characters, and when it is dealing with immigrant Africans it has some novelty of material. If the author had not written "The Jacobean Age" and several other books of like quality

one would accept this novel without question as an efficient and quite enjoyable piece of library fiction.

R. G. G. PRICE

Himmler. Willi Frischauer. Odhams, 16/-

History will record Reichsführer S.S. Heinrich Himmler as the man who deliberately planned, organized and supervised the cold-blooded mass extermination of more than six millions of men, women and children. Moreover Himmler posthumously convicted himself of these unrivalled crimes by his pedantic insistence that accurate records were kept of the slaughterings not only of Jews but also of "sub-human" Russian prisoners of war, "anti-social" Germans of "inferior hereditary quality," so-called "hostages" taken from occupied countries, and even high-ranking German Army and S.S. officers who had aroused his dislike and suspicion. Of the ancestral background, upbringing and subsequent career of the physically unfit and myopic leader of the S.S. supermen Mr. Willi Frischauer, eschewing sensationalism, writes informedly, with much new light thrown on Himmler's personality and methods by former S.S. intimates who—surprisingly—have escaped their just deserts. Appropriately the "human rubbish" that had been Heinrich Himmler was consigned to an unknown grave by a British sergeant-major who in civilian life was a London dustman.

I. F. D. M.

The Channel Shore. Aubrey de Selincourt. Hale, 18/-

The great maritime highway of the English Channel, its storms and hurrying tides and the people who live in the ports and villages clustered along its edge are a natural for the Regional Books series. Legend, history and modern life sound equally fresh under Mr. de Selincourt's review, usually made from the standpoint of a practical seaman. With him we inspect Dover—almost as forbidding to the yachtsman as to Caesar "on his notorious visit to our island"—prove the waters of the



"Parking in a restricted area, driving without a licence, driving without a certificate of insurance, and flying the Union Jack upside down."

Wight and Chichester Harbour's sequestered creeks, avoid Portsmouth's warship-infested anchorage and the dreaded Portland Race, and storm across Lyme Bay to laze peacefully at Falmouth. Land's End, however, he approaches on terra firma only to fall a-dreaming of the pageant of ships that have rolled round that stormy outpost to lie for safety off Penzance, maybe near Marazion Marsh where still the waders and water birds breed and haunt, "making their own quiet history, so much older than the ephemeral history of men." J. D.

The Marriage at Ferrara. Simon Harcourt-Smith. Murray. 21/-

Lucrezia Borgia, recent historians have decided, was really quite a nice young woman after all. Having robbed her of her poisons, however, they have left her with little else; diminishing her to a shadow, or at most a tool in her brother's ruthless hands. Mr. Simon Harcourt-Smith, who confesses to some admiration for all her unscrupulous family, has discovered in her "the most graceful and subtly inspiring of women in the early sixteenth century," one able "to inspire love and devotion in some of its most distinguished figures." He makes his point in a narration which does full justice to the colours and splendours and violence of the High Renaissance; which abounds in descriptions of costume and ceremony; but in which, after all, the central figure remains still elusive. For all his positiveness, he has been constrained to a frequency of "perhaps" and "no doubts." He has conceived a heroine but not quite managed to realize her. It is, in essence, a romance that he has written; though a very readable one. A pity that its author read it so casually in proof. F. B.

The Stain on the Snow. Georges Simenon. Translated by John Petrie. Routledge, 10/6

That this is Simenon's masterpiece, as advertised, is very probable. His career has been a planned progression from the popular *roman policier* to the serious work of literary art, and many of his short novels in recent years have had less than their due of critical respect for just three reasons: their frequency, their basis of crime (crime is classified as a low-brow subject), and the fact that even the unthinking entertainment-seeker finds them absorbing to read. This story is in almost all its circumstances unpleasant: the central character is a brothel-keeper's son who coldly, unfeelingly commits abominable crimes, and the last part of the book is an account, sometimes reminiscent of Koestler (and for Simenon most

unusually subjective), of his experiences in prison and under interrogation by the authorities in an enemy-occupied town. But his state of mind in prison and the moral compulsion that drives him at last almost to insist on being shot is conveyed with such penetrating brilliance that the final effect of the book is one of genuine tragedy, not sensationalism. R. M.

AT THE PLAY

The Glorious Days (PALACE)—*Five Philadelphia Physicians* (EMBASSY)

SADLY we feel that the musical entertainment at the Palace could go down in record as a Nostalgic Colourful Cavalcade. And why not "Pop Goes the Neagle" for a sub-title? The gallant actress pops in and out of history until our heads whirl.



Queen Victoria—Miss ANNA NEAGLE

[*The Glorious Days*]

We start whirling in the private bar of a Chelsea public-house during 1944. A flying bomb explodes outside. Thereupon Miss ANNA NEAGLE, who has been *Carol*, an ambulance-driver, becomes *Nell Gwynn*. Presently she is singing on the stage of Restoration Old Drury. Later, in her dressing-room, she tosses lingerie at *King Charles*, who has promised to found Chelsea Hospital, and who, coining a phrase, calls her "pretty, witty Nell." After Chelsea Pensioners, in chorus, have explained that they are boys of the Old Brigade, we whirl back to the private bar.

This, of course, is amply clear. I am less sure about a later sequence which seems to hint that Queen Victoria was descended in some way from *Nell Gwynn*. *Carol* goes to recuperate near Windsor. Being Miss NEAGLE, it is not surprising that she slides back a century and finds herself every inch a Queen. At Windsor Castle a flunkey announces "Herr

Johann Strauss"; we observe Miss NEAGLE as waltzing *Victoria* in the Castle ballroom; ultimately we are gratified by the sight—very much like an oil-painting of a wax tableau—of Her Majesty decorating a bugler of the Coldstream Guards at a Windsor investiture in 1888.

During a second burst we slip in and out of sundry dressing-rooms, and on and off sundry stages, while various chosen numbers—tango, "Long Trail," "Home Fires," "K-K-K-Katy," and so on—mark the passing of another twenty-five years. Miss NEAGLE, by this time, is her own mother: that is, if you follow me, the mother of *Carol*, who, meanwhile, is being represented at three different ages by three different actresses. Do not be too alarmed: clearly it is logical, and—if not taken seriously—soothing. At the end *Carol* goes upon an Ensa tour, and the whole play

stiffens into a picture called "The Tapestry of England." Fair enough. (Or, on second thoughts, is it?)

If this sounds a shade eccentric, I am sorry. The programme, studied with care, makes it more lucid. Thus we can understand why a mid-Victorian soubrette resembles facially *Nell Gwynn's* maid: the two girls are acted with zest by Miss LESLEY OSMOND (also about in 1944). A large cast flips through the periods: Mr. JAMES CARNEY in four parts; Mr. PETER GRAVES in one; Mr. EDWIN ELLIS in four, including an R.A.F. warrant-officer who is, plausibly, a little bothered. Miss NEAGLE herself is cosily at the heart of all: I am sorry she could not get in Florence Nightingale, but she is a generous artist and we cannot have everything. Mr. ROBERT NESBITT, who has "devised, staged, and directed" the evening, has seen that we have much: in fact, that the Cavalcade is Nostalgic and Colourful.

The play at the Embassy, a more adult affair (by Mr. HUGH EVANS), launched us upon perilous seas of symbolism. The setting is a town in the Southern States where a Negro has been lynched. With reason, Mr. EVANS objects to lynching; so does the Wandering Jew, remarkably a figure in the piece. Although not everyone in the first audience had a clue to the puzzle, Mr. EVANS is obviously sincere, sometimes touching. Mr. MARK DIGNAM (the Jew), and Miss VALERIE WHITE helped him; but next time—this is a week for phrase-coining—he should remember that an honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

Recommended

The Happy Marriage (Duke of York's) for gentle laughter; *Waters of the Moon* (Haymarket) for laughter and (maybe) a tear or so; and *Wild Horses* (Aldwych) for the sharp guffaw. J. C. TREWIN

AT THE PICTURES

Come Back, Little Sheba—

The Titfield Thunderbolt

WHATEVER else is to be said about it, *Come Back, Little Sheba* (Director: DANIEL MANN) is beyond any question a wonderful, a terrific acting performance by SHIRLEY BOOTH. She repeats the part she had in the original American play, and it would be easy to suspect that one was being hypnotized into exaggerating her merits by the knowledge that her stage performance brought her several awards—easy, except that for almost the whole of this film one is so completely under her spell that the thought of analysing it never enters one's head. This is the sort of acting that films very rarely offer; it's worth making a real effort to see. The story is based on the simple, pathetic situation of a lonely middle-aged couple in a small town: the man disappointed (he is only a chiropractor, not a real doctor as he might have been but for his marriage), the woman kind, slatternly, stupid, loving, tormented sometimes by her feeling of guilt at the knowledge that it was having to marry her that did for him. He is now a precariously reformed alcoholic—there is a danger here that the lower mental ages in the audience will eagerly grasp at opportunities to snigger, alcohol being a comic subject—and what precipitates the crisis, driving him back to drink, is the presence in the house of a young girl university student who rents a room there. As the anxiously restrained, self-consciously upright "Doc" BURT LANCASTER makes a good job of a part with more character and less action in it than anything he has had before, and the film, though it is not

very much more than a photograph of the play, is made visually interesting (camera: JAMES WONG HOWE) by a cunning use of dramatically lit close-up details of the scene. But it remains Miss BOOTH's picture. It is she who gives the story such astonishing strength and reality. Don't miss the experience of seeing her.

About *The Titfield Thunderbolt* (Director: CHARLES CRICHTON), I have heard people say (their eyes still shining with delight) that one might have expected the idea to wear thin long before the end, and how wonderful that it doesn't—but they are using the word *idea* in a more limited sense than I would use it for the same sort of remark. The story is about a community (Ealing Studios key-word) that takes over its own little railway, and runs it against nasty spiv-like opposition which is properly discomfited at the end; and what strikes me as having worn thin is not the notion of a village of embattled railway enthusiasts but the whole Ealing mood, or set-up, or whatever you can call it. Not so long ago I ventured to suggest a growing irritation with what might be summed up as the "Ealing touch," and the fact that as far as I can judge it is simply growing more and more popular tends rather to increase than decrease my uneasiness. It's not good enough, I think, to take a "community" full of well-known types, however beloved, and provide it with some excuse for hostilities against a set of equally well-known types representing the forces of vexation. There are good things here, notably the duel between the engine and the steam-roller. But the fun mostly depends on mechanical incongruity (bishop stokes engine) on a level with the formula that makes

a joke out of any situation at all by putting a white-moustached "colonel" into it. The story is a string of overcome mishaps, the values are farce values. I wasn't bored, but I was disappointed.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

There's an overwhelming new one in London that must be mentioned: *Moulin Rouge*, of which more next week. *The Bad and the Beautiful* is another picture about Hollywood, a bit hoked-up but with some good acid satire, and extremely entertaining. *Les Jeux Interdits* (14/1/53) is still the best of all.

Releases include a good R.A.F. film, *Appointment in London* (25/2/53), and a shallow Hollywood story, *The Star* (11/3/53), electrified by Bette Davis.

RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

O my Chaplin and my Lloyd of long ago!

IT is television's misfortune that it has had to take most of its comedy ready-made and cut-and-dried from the Light programme. This is a cruel handicap. The comedians of the Light, the performers and script-writers, have worn themselves and their craft to shadows in the attempt to supply the British public with its weekly quota of laughs. For far too long they have been expected to do far too much.

The listener demands humour without realizing that the stuff is in short supply, that it is a rare commodity even at the best of times and most difficult to concoct intentionally; he imagines, I feel sure, that humour should be as readily available as theatre organ music, palm court recitals, desert island discs and sports reports, and when, as so often happens, the jokes are as thin as wisecracks in Westminster and are presented with the originality of a door-to-door salesman, he feels cheated, dished.

Occasionally, it is true, radio humour is pepped up by a transfusion of new blood (how ready we are at the moment to applaud Al Read and Peter Ustinov), but in next to no time the fresh corpuscles are overwhelmed and devitalized. As soon as a new idea appears on the market it is worried out of existence, plugged to death. It is high time that the B.B.C. made official recognition of this chronic shortage and adjusted its programmes accordingly. There would be nothing shameful in such disinflationary moves: after all it is a world shortage.

For some strange reason Light-type humour is more acceptable in sound than in sound and vision.

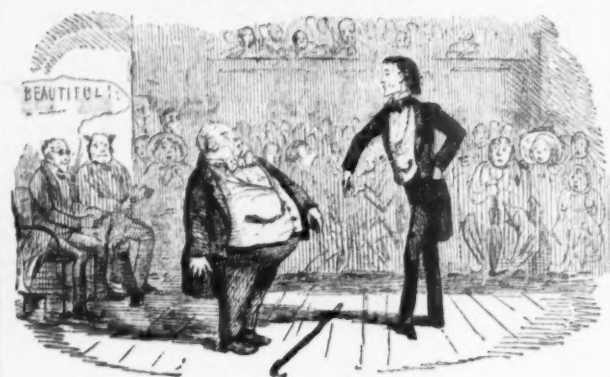


(*The Titfield Thunderbolt*)
A Fireman Bishop—GODFREY TEARLE

The dreary drill of cross-talk ("By the way, my brother Bill, my brother Bill...") "Your brother Bill?" "My brother Bill was coming home from the work the other day, home from work the other day..." may irritate and set teeth on edge but it does not *sicken* until Bill's brother and interlocutor stand before our very eyes. We have developed a tolerance to this kind of thing on sound radio: because it is too bad to be true we do not believe in it. But there is no retreat into incredulity when it appears stark and almost life-size on the screen: the conventions are down and we are face to face with puerile inanity.

On the wireless—or, as somebody has called it, silent radio—there is perhaps some excuse for that creature of infinite jest, the compère, for some voice to introduce and link the various turns on a variety bill and to foster the illusion of staginess in the listener's mind. On the stage the compère is essential: he holds the fort while scenery is changed and trampolines are erected. But there can be no excuse for compères (even *comères*) on television. The scenes are already set, the cameras and the performers in position. Tradition dies hard indeed when we have to submit

From Punch, March 19, 1853



VERY ODD!
Lecturer on Electro-Biology. "NOW, SIR! YOU CAN'T JUMP OVER THAT STICK! AH! EH!"
Subject. "JUMP? EH! UGH! LOR BLESS ME, JUMP? NO, I KNOW CAN'T—NEVER COULD JUMP—UGH!"

[Thunders of Applause from the Gentlemen in the cane-bottom chairs—(i.e. believers).]

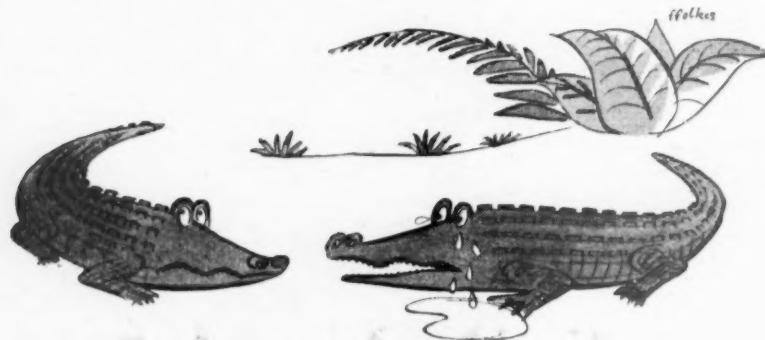
to repeated buttonholing by the "Stop-me-if-you've-heard-it-before" gang in a medium of entertainment as full of possibilities as television. The compères, easily the worst offenders in this matter of television humour, should be shipped off to France where the *genus* is, I gather, unknown.

A few radio comedians have tackled TV seriously, and have managed at times to exploit the screen with pleasing results—Terry-Thomas and Eric Barker, for example. But even their programmes remain true in structure to the tradition established twenty years ago in sound

fortnightly series—so far no comedian has managed to brave the bright lights for long—to develop the winning, face-saving catch-phrase. A hard life.

Television humour is in its Mack Sennett days, still content to trade in the wares of other eras, other media. And ten million viewers wait anxiously for a glimpse of a new Chaplin or Harold Lloyd. In the interim—and at the present rate of progress the apocalyptic moment is a millennium or two away—I would gladly settle for an *old* Chaplin or an *old* Harold Lloyd.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



"How can I convince you that I'm genuinely sorry?"

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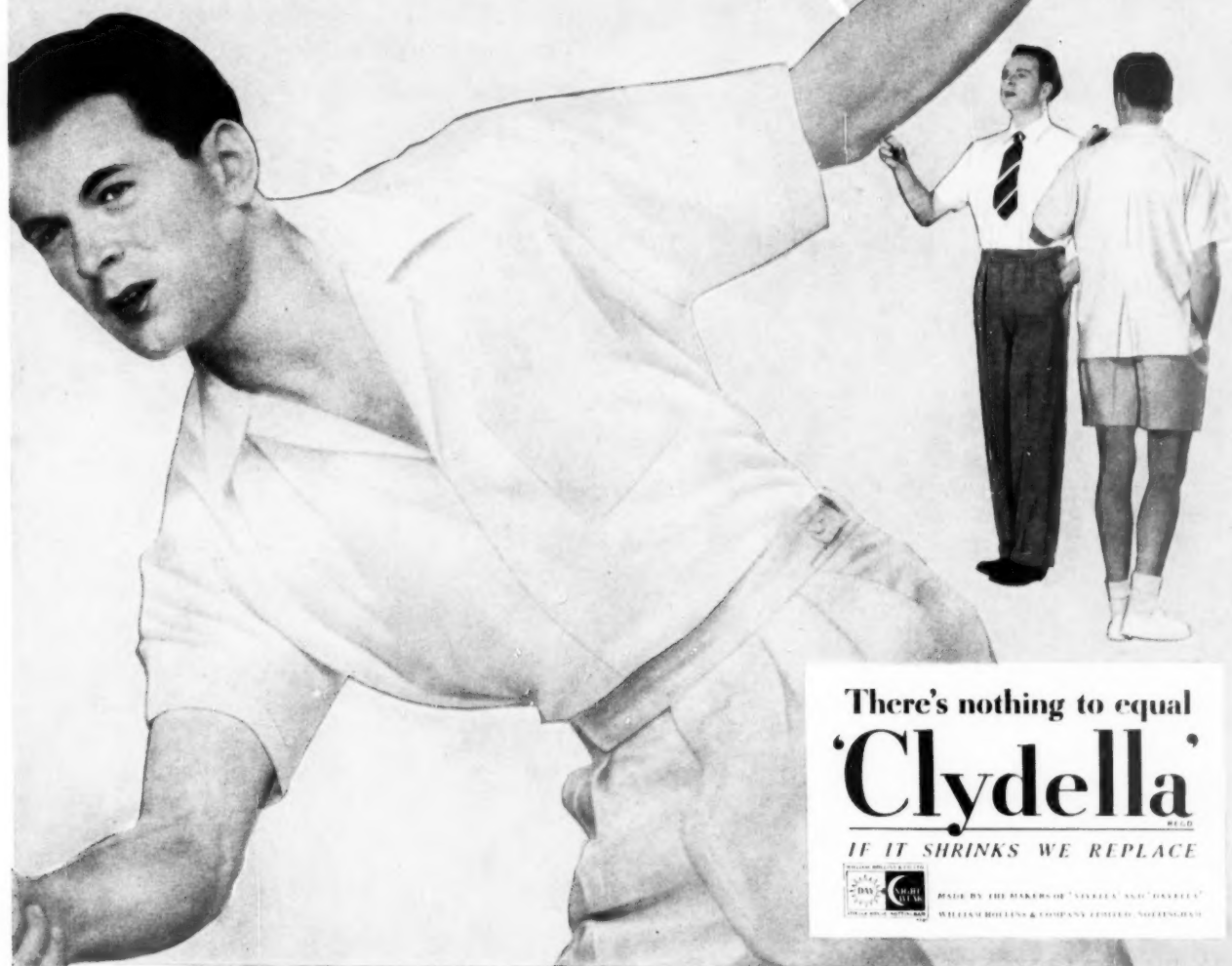
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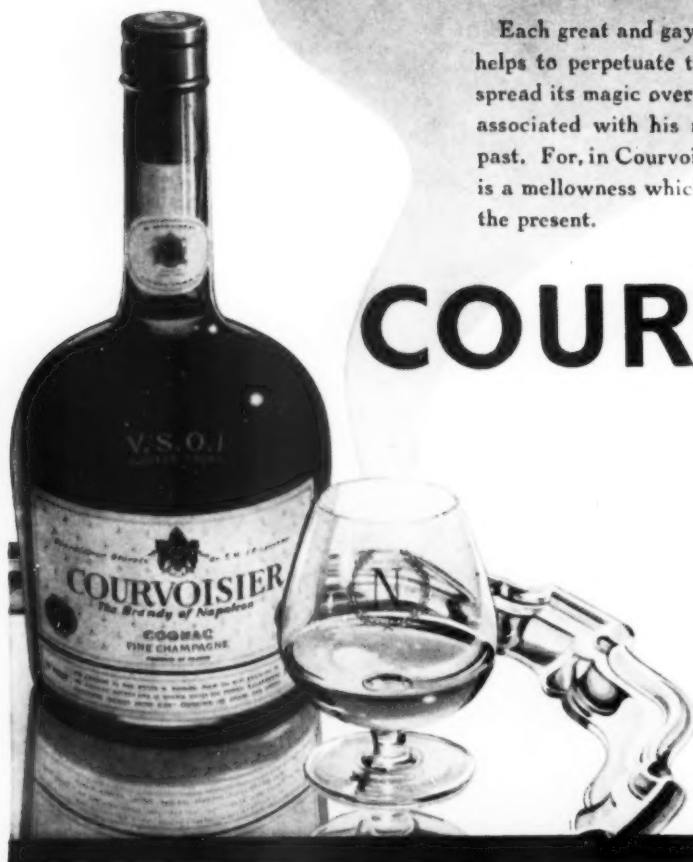
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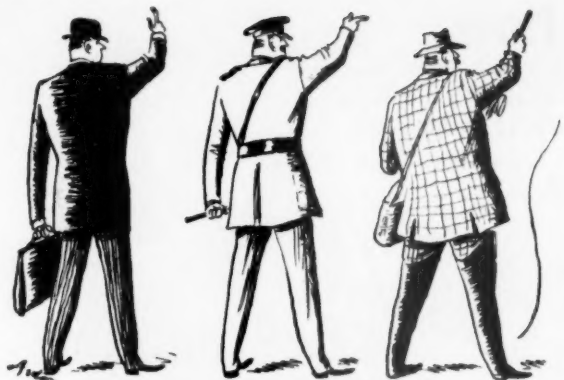
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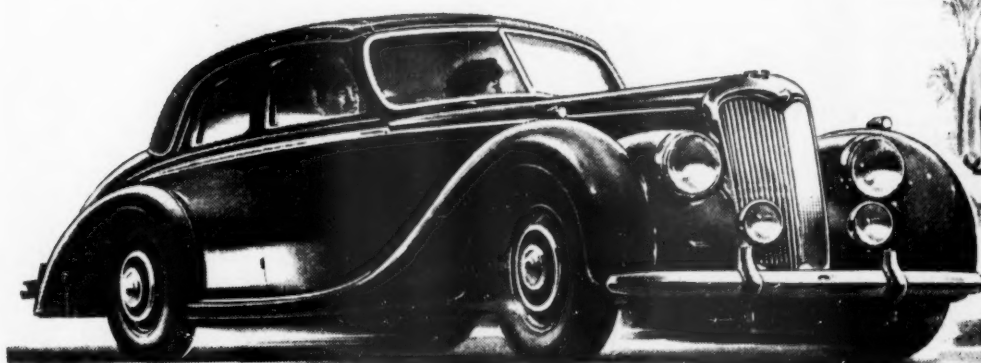
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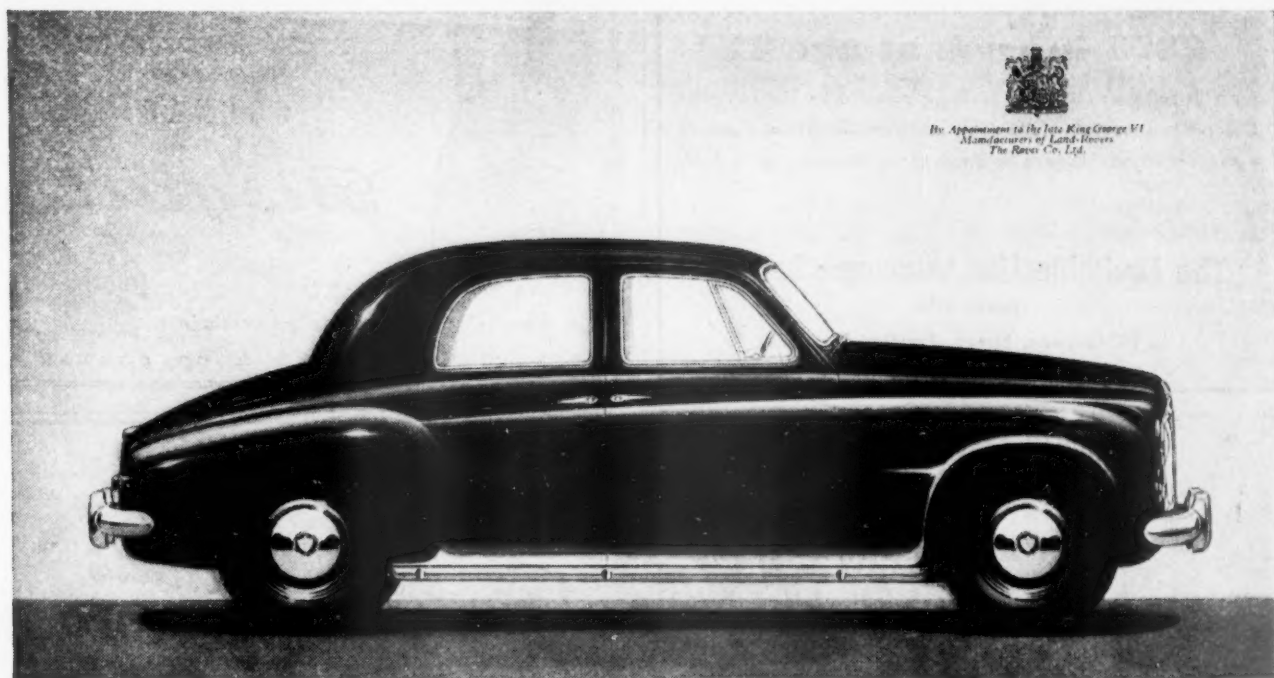
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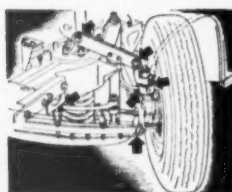
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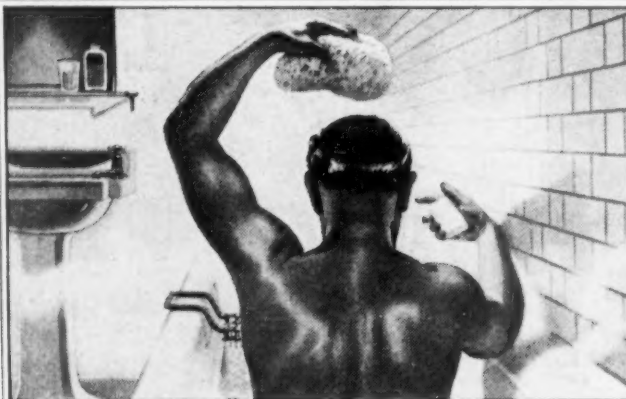


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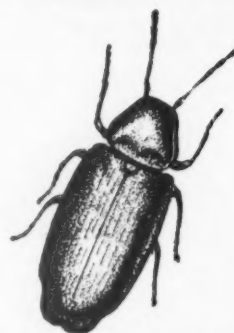
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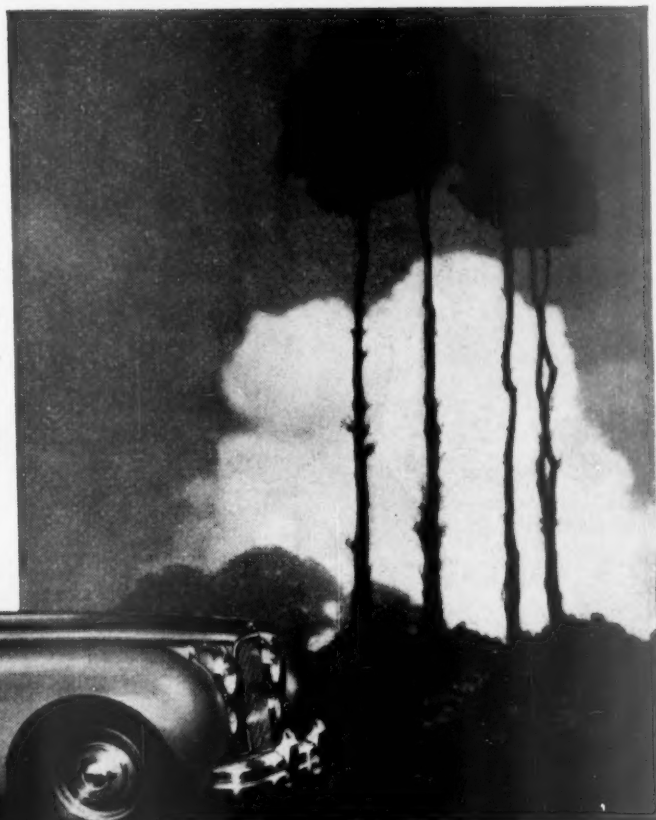
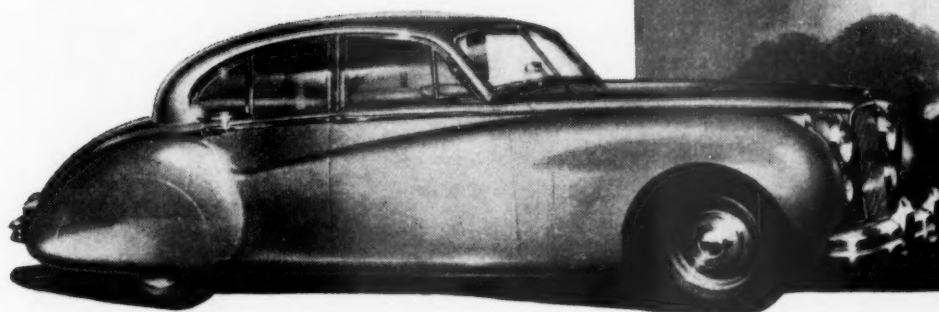


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	<i>Technical</i> Other ground branches	17½—27 From 17½	G.C.E. or S.L.C. or professional qualification in specialised branches
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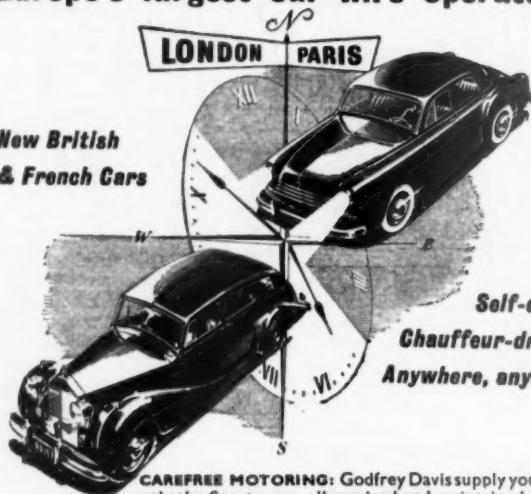
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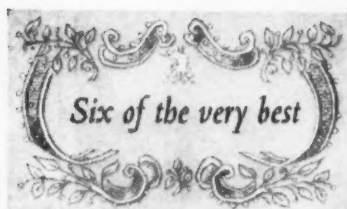
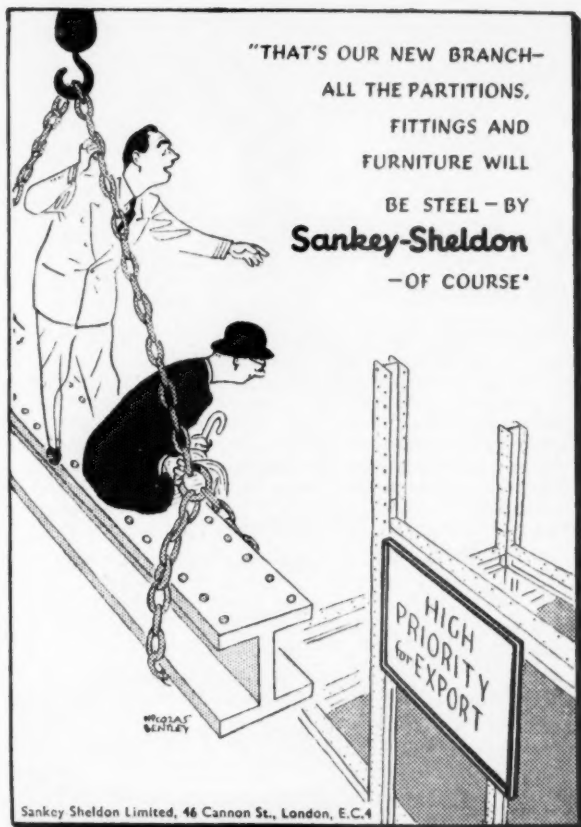
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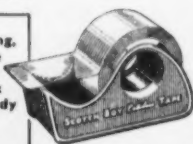
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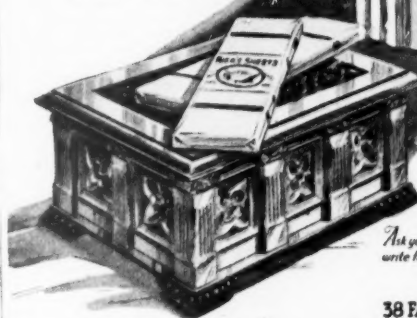


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